

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1877.

## THE DOMINIONS OF ODYSSEUS, AND THE ISLAND GROUP OF THE ODYSSEY.

THERE are only two spots or districts, with the topography of which the Homeric poems deal in minute detail: the Plain of Troy, and the island of Ithaca. The indications supplied by the Poet in the case of the Plain are numerous and minute, as they are in the case of the island; and his account of the geography of its neighbourhood, so far as he has given one, is clear and accurate. But the points extraneous to Ithaca, yet connected with it, are named in a manner which has led to much dispute, with little, if any, admitted progress towards a settlement: and the local data have not been examined with so much of precision and impartiality as those of the Plain. The quarto of Sir William Gell,<sup>1</sup> dealing with an island not seventeen miles long, and of a maximum breadth under four miles, which sinks to a minimum of half a mile, though it is not without value, renders us less service than might have been expected. The author is too ready in his identifications, and does not sufficiently go to close quarters with the text of the Poet. To this text I shall adhere, without attempting a review of the controversy, such as may be found at great length in Buchholz.<sup>2</sup> But

those who wish to see the fragments of information from the text in orderly arrangement, and severed from the infinity of discussion with which they have been overlaid, will find them in the third appendix to Mr. Merry's valuable edition of the *Odyssey*.<sup>3</sup>

With respect to the local traditions, which have been largely taken into view by some writers, I would observe that there was probably nothing to detract from their value in the time of Pausanias, of Strabo, or of the other ancients who have touched the question. But, in the troubles of the Eastern empire, Ithaca underwent grievous depopulation; and it seems to have been only by privileges which the Venetian Government found it expedient to offer, that new settlers were induced to replenish the body of its inhabitants.<sup>4</sup> This circumstance must tend greatly to abate the authority which any local tradition might have carried; particularly as to the identification of secondary points.

In considering the subject, I shall, as far as possible, divide the topography of Ithaca from the question of its geographical position, and its relation to the other dominions of Odysseus.

But it is necessary, at the outset, to dwell upon a distinction which has

<sup>1</sup> *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca*, London 1807.

<sup>2</sup> *Homerische Realien*, Band i. Abth. i. pp. 120-146.

No. 216.—VOL. XXXVI.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 551.

<sup>4</sup> Bowen's *Ithaca*, p. 9.

not been sufficiently noticed, between the materials supplied by the two poems respectively. It is this: that they deal with different subjects. The *Iliad* treats only of the dominions of Odysseus; as its purpose is to give an account of the naval contingent which he led to Troy. The *Odyssey* does not deal with the dominions of Odysseus, as such, at all. It describes the body of Suitors, who were gathered together in the capital of Ithaca to woo Penelope, and who are there, not all as subjects, but all as neighbours. And it describes the places from which they came. These were entirely insular. But the dominions given in the *Iliad* included some strip or portion of the continent (*Il.* ii. 635) over against the islands: and there, as we learn from the *Odyssey*, a portion of the live-stock belonging to the great chief were still kept after the War of Troy (*xiv.* 100). Let us now consider the passage from the Catalogue (*Il.* ii. 631—5):—

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔγε Κεφαλλήνας μεγαθύ-  
μους,  
οἱ β' ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλ-  
λον,  
καὶ Κροκύλει' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰγίλιπα τρη-  
χέϊαν,  
οἱ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον, ἧδ' οἱ Σάμον ἀμφενέ-  
μοντο,  
οἳ τ' ἤπειρον ἔχον, ἧδ' ἀντιπέραι' ἐνέμοντο.  
Τῶν μὲν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦρχε, Δαί μιν ἀτάλ-  
αντος.  
Τῷ δ' ἅμα νῆες ἔποντο δνῶδεκα μιλτοπύρροι.<sup>1</sup>

1. We have here the gentile name Kephallenes, covering the whole dominions of Odysseus.

2. Coming to place-names, we have 'those who held Ithaca and Neritos, and dwelt in Krokuleia and Aigilips.'

3. As to Neritos, we know from the

<sup>1</sup> "The gallant Cephallenes Odysseus led,  
Them Neritos, with high leaf-waving head,  
Them Krokuleia, and rough Aigilips  
Had reared in Ithaca. Twelve red-prowed  
ships  
The isle, with Samos and Zakunthos,  
manned,  
And with the Plains of the opposed strand,  
He, matching Zeus in counsel, ruled the band."

express testimony of *Od.* ix. 21 (*iv* δ' ὅσος αὐτῇ), that it is in Ithaca: so that καὶ has here the force of "namely," or "including." This mode of expression is used elsewhere in the Catalogue: comp. 532, 3; 536, 7. There is therefore no improbability in supposing the names which follow Neritos, viz., that is to say, Krokuleia and Aigilips, to be in Ithaca also. But Heracleon, cited by Steph. Byzantius, says there were in his time four departments or districts of Ithaca; Krokuleia was one, and Aigireus, which bears an important resemblance to Aigilips, was another. Strabo, without argument, connects these names with Leucas. If Homer had intended this connection, he would without doubt, at the least, have marked off the line by the expression οἱ τε, as he has done for Samos and Zante. If Odysseus had any concern with Leucas, it must have been for his continental settlement: for that district was then part of the mainland, and it may very well have been the Epeiros named in v. 635. But then Krokuleia and Aigilips would not have been named before Zakunthos and Samos, but after them, and would have been mentioned in connection with it. On the whole it seems plain that they were in Ithaca. This is the decided conclusion of Leake.<sup>2</sup>

4. We next come to Samos; and we know expressly from the *Odyssey* (see *inf.*) that it was an island, that it lay very close to Ithaca (*ix.* 23), and that the two (*Od.* iv. 845) were separated by a mere strait. And the local name of Samos is still given to the remains of buildings, near the head of the bay so-called, in the island of Cefalonia.

5. As to Zakunthos, it is by all identified with Zante. It, too, is declared in the *Odyssey* to be an island, and to lie very close to the other islands. The shortest distance to it from Cefalonia is, however, eight miles.

6. We have lastly the Epeiros, a portion of the mainland ruled by Odysseus, and described as the ἀντιπέραια to the islands, i.e., as facing them. This

<sup>2</sup> *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 49.

seems to apply in an especial manner to the projection of Leucas; for it most pointedly faces the islands, and it is the nearest part of the mainland. The question is not immaterial, but may be postponed.

Thus we have the dominions of Odysseus clearly enough defined, as consisting of the three islands, with a morsel of the continent.

The only subject for surprise is that these territories, taken together, should have supplied no more than eleven ships, while Salamis alone gave twelve. But the whole narrative of the *Odyssey* appears to show that the kingdom of Odysseus was recent, and no more than partially organized. His genealogical line is short, beginning only with his grandfather Arkeisias. The Suitors do not deny the hereditary title of Telemachos; but, in the discussion with him, the question seems to be on both sides only this, who shall be king in Ithaca (*Od.* i. 387, 395, 401). It is probable, therefore, that the rule of Odysseus was but imperfectly established, and that he could not turn the whole resources of the islands to account. Even in Ithaca, on his return, a considerable part of the population took part against him (*Od.* xxiv. 463, 4).

We now change the scene: and we are introduced not to a political, but to a geographical aggregation. Odysseus gives an account of himself to Alki-noos, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, and whose favour he had won. But he speaks of the country he inhabits, not of what he rules (*Od.* ix. 21).<sup>1</sup>

Ναιετάω δ' Ἰθάκην εὐδείκλον· ἐν δ' ὄρος αἰτῇ,  
Νήριτον εἰνοσιφύλλον, ἀρπυρεῖς ἄμφι δὲ νῆσοι  
Πολλὰι ναιετάουσι, μάλα σχεδόν ἀλλήλησιν,

<sup>1</sup> Thus rendered by the lamented Worsley:—

"And sunward Ithaca, my country dear,  
I boast. Still Neritos stands waving there  
His green trees visible for many a mile,  
Centre of soils divine, which, clustering near,  
Stars of the blue sea, round about him smile,  
Dulichium, Samē steep, Zacynthus' wood-  
crowned isle.

Thus lies the land high-tabled in the main  
Westward: the others take the morning  
sun."

Δουλίχιόν τε, Σάμη τε καὶ Ἰθήεσσα Ζάκυν-  
θος·

Αἰτῇ δὲ χθαμαλῇ πανπερτάτῃ εἰν ἄλλῃ  
καίτοι

Πρὸς ἴσθμον αἱ δέ τ' ἄνευθε πρὸς Ἡῶ τ'  
Ἠελίων τε.

This is one of a number of passages<sup>2</sup> which fix, beyond all doubt, that in the mind of Homer not Ithaca only, but all the other three places or regions named were islands.

And this may be the place to observe that, in my opinion, a false method has been far too much observed in dealing with Homeric geography. It has been a practice to take the map as we know it, and the text of the poems; and then, assuming that these are the proper and only materials of comparison and judgment, to found inquiry upon this narrow and inadequate basis. But Homer had no map. He had his eye,<sup>3</sup> and he had the reports of others; and out of these he had to construct a map in his own brain. And a valuable one it might be for a small district, which the eye could embrace, and which his eye probably had embraced, such as the Plain of Troy. Again, great and familiar lines of passage over larger spaces might so adjust themselves as to be conceived in a manner approximately right. Under the first of these heads he has given, as I myself can in some degree testify from having visited the place, a good and just account of the general conformation of Ithaca. Under the second, he seems to have had a reasonably true conception of the coast of Greece, from the Gulf of Lepanto round to Negropont, as to its general outline, and of its position relatively to the Archipelago and the west coast of Asia Minor. But, except as to cases governed by such rules, he had no means of approach to accuracy as to measurements and directions; and it is an entire mistake to take the map for an authoritative standard in interpreting the text, and to suppose our only choice

<sup>2</sup> *Od.*, i. 246; ix. 24; xvi. 123.

<sup>3</sup> See an instance of this, in respect to Samothrace and Imbros, in *Eothen*, ch. iv. *ad finem*.

is between this place and that, as laid down in it. What we have to do is carefully to construe the text as it is, and then to construct a geography according to it: and however wide this may be of the map, it is the true, and the only true, Homeric geography.

We are here then in a serious difficulty. Three of our four islands, subject to questions of detail, we have got; Ithaca, Samos or Samè, and Zante. But now we are introduced, by words as plain as words can be, to Doulighion as a fourth island; while there is no corresponding fourth island in *rerum naturâ*.

For, observe, it must lie quite close to the remainder of the group (v. 23). Nor is this all. Because we might look out for some small and insignificant island situate close at hand, and fasten on it this name. There are two such islands at least which might just serve the turn, lying within five miles of the coast of Ithaca. But from this supposition we are debarred by copious and conclusive evidence in the text to the relative importance of Doulighion. First, there is the precedence uniformly given to this island over the considerable names of Samè and of Zante. Secondly, it is against the method of Homer to introduce a place quite insignificant among others that are significant, without noting the difference, and without cause for failing to note it. Thirdly he has, for each of these islands, its distinctive epithet. Zante is well-wooded (*ἰσλήεις* *Od.* ix. 24, *et alibi*), Samè, or Samos, is rugged, craggy (*παταλόεις* *Od.* iv. 845), and Doulighion is *πολύπυρος*, rich in corn (*Od.* xvi. 396), and *ποιήεις*, rich in herbage (*Ibid.*) These words are absolutely inapplicable to the small and barren islets of which I have spoken, and likewise to the mere rocks<sup>1</sup> at the mouth of the Alpheios, which are called Echinades, from their resemblance to the rough bristling appearance of the urchin. But there is yet more conclusive evidence of the relative

importance of Doulighion; and this in both the poems.

In the *Iliad*, Megees leads a contingent of no less than forty ships, drawn from Doulighion and the Echinades, or Echinaï, as they were then called. Those islands being so small and rocky, it is felt that the bulk of this force must have been from Doulighion (*Il.* ii. 631—5). In the *Odyssey*, Homer, following the method of the Greek Catalogue, conveys to us his estimate of places and districts, as to comparative resources, through his account of the numbers proceeding from them respectively: of ships in the one case, of suitors in the other. Ithaca yields 12 suitors; Zante 20; Samè 24; and Doulighion no less than 52, with a supply of six *ἐπηστῆρες* or table-servants (*Od.* xvi. 248). The inference according to Homeric rules would be that Doulighion was, speaking roughly, about equivalent to all the rest in importance: and this, or more than this, would also be suggested by the passage in the *Iliad*.

We cannot then find the Doulighion of Homer in any of the insignificant islands in the vicinity which remain free for appropriation to Homeric names: and no other island is available for the purpose. Plainly therefore the poet is not in accordance at this point with the actual geography. That is, he is in error. But his error may have been no more than partial. Was it so? Is there any supposition, inaccurate indeed, yet such that he may easily have been led into it by the facts of the actual geography imperfectly comprehended?

The answer is not far to seek. We have only to suppose that both the names Doulighion and Samè had for him their counterpart in the modern Cefalonia. He believed it not to be one island, but two.

This suggested solution of the difficulty should be tried by three tests. First and foremost, by the text of the poems.

Secondly, by the testimony of the ancients to the local traditions.

<sup>1</sup> Leake, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 51.

Thirdly, by the facts of geography.

I. As to the text of the poems. If we divide Cefalonia as is now proposed, Homer's description of the group of islands as all lying close together, at once becomes just. The maximum distance is that of Zante, which is eight miles from the nearest point of Cefalonia. The strait between this island and Ithaca is from two to four miles broad. If Homer conceived of it as divided into two, the notion must have been founded either on the bay of Samos, which pierces it from the east, or, and perhaps more especially, on the remarkable harbour of Argostoli, which goes far towards cutting off a large slice of the island on the west. It is of a mile or more in breadth.

Again, we must further consider the epithets by which Homer distinguishes his islands. Zante is wooded (*ὑληεῖς*); Samos is towering and beetling (*παρπάλοεις*); Doulichion is rich in corn (*πολύπυρος*); it even exported grain, and a Thesprotian ship is represented as coming to fetch it (*Od.* xiv. 335). Fabulously represented, it is true, in a fictitious tale of Odysseus; but this shows all the more conclusively that the traffic was familiarly known, as the object of course was to frame a narrative which, from its conformity to notorious facts, would be unlikely to create suspicion. Of these three—the wooded island, the craggy island, and the corn-island—it is plain that, relatively to size, the last would be by far the largest in resources. We are therefore to suppose, in dividing Cefalonia, that Homer assigned to the name Doulichion either the largest, or the most fertile and populous part of the island. What we know from the text is, that the Poet placed Samos on the side of the island nearest Ithaca, while he called it beetling and craggy. Now Cefalonia contains one great mountain of 5,000 feet high, called Mount Elato, and by the Italians Mount Nero. It is a very conspicuous object: indeed I have myself seen it from Mount Salvador at the north-

eastern extremity of Corfu. It is quite certain that Mount Elato was the foundation of the Homeric epithet *παρπάλοεις*, for there is no other eminence in the island which approaches it, though a ridge of perhaps one-third the height runs along the whole on the western side, up to the northern extremity. It rises over the remains of the town of Samos, and lies in the southern and eastern corner of the island. Thus the descriptive epithet of Homer is borne out: and we have the whole western portion of the island free for a rich and fertile Doulichion, such as he conceived it. Near it, to the westward of the prolonged ridge running from Elato, down to this day we find all the principal towns and the principal culture of the island: Argostoli, Lixuri, and Livadho.<sup>1</sup> The culture has changed, it is true, from corn to currants. This change may have been connected with the disappearance of wood and diminution of moisture; but the presence of the population on the western side leaves the comparison very much where it was. The ridge running close along the eastern coast, from the northern point to the bay of Samè, sufficiently explains to us why that name alone is associated in the *Odyssey* with the strait, which had a ferry over it (*Od.* iv. 845, xx. 127). From this very spot the route, which I have myself traversed, still crosses to the western side of the island.

But here we have to encounter an adverse argument from Strabo, who, differing from the general sense of antiquity, refuses to associate Doulichion with Cefalonia, and sets the name upon one of the barren rocks called Echinades. In this paradox he does not seem to be followed with confidence by the moderns. Leake, for example,<sup>2</sup> apparently forgetting the positive proof from the *Odyssey* that Doulichion was an island, verbally assents to Strabo, yet supposes it may have been wholly or principally on the Acarnanian shore, opposite the

<sup>1</sup> Leake, vol. iii. pp. 60, 1.    <sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. p. 51.

Echinades. But however untenable this opinion of Strabo, and however clear that he was very ill-informed about Cefalonia (to which he gives a circuit of 300 stades, instead of near 800<sup>1</sup>), his arguments against a particular supposition ought none the less to be considered. Let us see what they are.

He says that Doulichion cannot, according to Homer, be found in Cefalonia, because the subjects of Odysseus were Kephallenes, whereas Doulichion, with the other Echinades, was under Meges, and was inhabited by Epeians from Elis. This he thinks proved by the line respecting 'Otos the Kullenian, who is called 'the companion of Meges, and a leader of the Epeians' (*Il.* xv.518).<sup>2</sup>

Now Homer nowhere says anything of Epeians as inhabiting Doulichion, or any other place but Elis. He says Meges had emigrated to Doulichion on account of a personal quarrel with his father Phuleus, an Epeian (*Il.* xxiii. 637); and calls Otos his comrade, and a leader of the Epeians. But as Meges was an Epeian, Otos might very well be called his friend or military comrade, without having left his country. Strabo does not weigh the fact that Otos is declared to be a Kullenian; and there is no Kullenè in Doulichion. The name Kullenè was afterwards given only to the chief summit in the mountain chain which divides Achaia and Elis on one side from Arcadia on the other. But as Homer calls Otos a Kullenian and also an Epeian, and places Arcadia generally (*Il.* ii. 603) under Mount Kullenè, we must in reason suppose him to have meant the chain and not merely the particular hill, even as Pelion meant both a hill and a chain. The name *Kulleniss*, therefore, fastens Otos to Elis.

And in truth, unless I am much mistaken, the text of Homer totally severs Doulichion from the Echinai, instead of uniting them; it runs as follows (*Il.* ii. 625):—

Οἱ δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου, Ἐχινάων θ' ἱεράων  
Νήσων, αἱ ναίονσι πέτρῃν ἄλός, Ἥλιδος ἄντα.

The troops of Meges are "the men from Doulichion, and from the Echinian Islands, on the other side of the water, over against Elis." On the other side as from whence? Not as from Elis, for their position relatively to Elis is described in the words which follow; but manifestly on the other side of the water as from Doulichion, which lies about twenty-five miles off. And here it should be borne in mind that Homer a few lines further on uses the kindred phrase 'antiperaia' for the continent in relation to the group of islands in which I place Doulichion. So that the text of the *Iliad* almost compels us to regard Doulichion as facing the Echinai from a distance; and very well agrees with the supposition that it is to be found in Cefalonia.

Nor is there any force in Strabo's observation that the Doulichians are not called Kephallenes. There is indeed an obvious reason for it; inasmuch as Meges led, not Doulichians only, but also the people of the Echinian isles, whom no one supposes to have been Kephallenes. The contingent, therefore, could not be brought within a common tribal name; and Homer gives it no tribal name whatever: though, just before, he calls the people of Elis by the name of Epeians, and, just after, the subjects of Odysseus by the name of Kephallenes.

II. The supposition here advanced is, in truth, as far as appears, the opinion of all the ancients except Strabo. He acquaints us that Helanikos considered the two names to be co-extensive: a declaration which, after what we have seen from the poems respecting Samos, seems to require some limitation. But he adds that Andron supposed Doulichion to be part of Cefalonia, and that Phereklides considered it to be represented by Palè, the western district, lying between the harbour (of Argostoli) and the sea. This was also the judgment of Pausanias, who states as a fact that in the olden times the Paleans were called Doulichians.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leake, vol. iii. p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Strabo, p. 456.

<sup>3</sup> Paus. *El.* xv. 3, p. 490.

Doulighion may however have included the whole, or nearly the whole, island except the south-eastern quarter.

III. This weight of testimony, agreeable to the voice of both the poems, may now be summarily compared with the actual geography. I think we shall find that Homer personally knew Ithaca; but there is no sign of his having been acquainted with Cefalonia, farther than as a view from the neighbouring island would show him the strait, the Bay of Samos, and the towering mass of the Black Mountain. As he believed Doulighion and Samos to be in different political combinations, he may naturally have regarded that bay itself as the mouth of a channel, severing them into two islands. He may have heard of the very remarkable if not unique harbour of Argostoli. He may have heard that, as Strabo himself reports, near the Palean district the sea often overflowed the neck which united it to the rest of the island,<sup>1</sup> thus actually dividing it into two. The long and rather narrow tract on the west, marked off partly by the hills and partly by the harbour, agrees in form with the etymology of the name Doulighion, from *dolichos*, *long*. Thus we seem to have, in the actual geography, all the separate elements that might account for the error into which Homer fell. We cannot expect him, as I have said, to be in positive agreement with the facts; but we may expect him to use, and he always does use, partial knowledge and the reports of informants in a manner not irrational, though not infallible; and these reports of informants, again, which we gather from the indications of his text, we gather under the limitation of being bound to suppose them related to, though not accurate transcripts of, the actual surfaces.

We have now therefore got a view of the dominions of Odysseus: insular,

<sup>1</sup> Ταπεινὸν ἰσθμὸν ποιεῖ, ὥστ' ὑπερκλύεσθαι πολλὰκις ἐκ θαλάττης εἰς θάλατταν.—Strabo, *ibid.*

but with a continental appendage of uncertain site. And we have also the group of islands, without any continental appendage, which sent forth the persecutors of Penelopè, the pattern

"Of perfect wifehood and pure womanhood."<sup>2</sup>

But I have still to deal with the lines (*Od.* ix. 25, 26) cited above; which describe the position of Ithaca relatively to the other islands in a manner that has terribly bewildered commentators.

The difficulties are these:—

1. What is the sense of *chthamalè*? Commonly corresponding with the Latin *humilis*, and meaning *low*, how can it be applied to Ithaca, which is rough, sharp, and high in its outline?

2. What is the sense of *panupertatè*? Does it refer to vertical altitude? or does it mean the farthest in a particular direction along the sea-surface? as in *Od.* iii. 170, 172, we have the expressions below (*καθ' ὑπερθε*) Chios, and above (*ὑπὲρθε*) Chios, for two sea-routes.

3. What is the meaning of *πρὸς ζόφον* (*zophon*), with the correlated phrase *πρὸς ἥω τ' Ἠελίον τε*?

I cannot think the opinion worth discussion which holds that *αἰρή* means anything but Ithaca; and it also seems to me a waste of time to argue on Strabo's<sup>3</sup> interpretation of *chthamalè* as meaning close to the mainland. So I limit myself to the three questions above-named:—

1. With respect to the adjective *chthamalè*, the word appears to me hopeless if we are bound to construe it *low*. But I do not admit the obligation. As *humilis* means, like *humus*, the ground, so *chthamalos* without doubt is related to whatever is *chamai*. I venture, however, to ask why *chthamalos* should not mean sloping groundwards, or aslant? I think we have a good example of this use where the coast over Charybdis is compared with the rock of Scylla (in very fair conformity, as I have seen, to the local features of the straits of Messina),

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson.

<sup>3</sup> P. 454.

and described as ground on which the wild fig-tree could grow, in contrast with the side of Scylla, actually precipitous. It is accordingly called *χθαμαλώτερον*, more aslant (*Od.* xii. 101-3). Why not give the same sense here, and say that Ithaca 'lies in the sea, slanting downwards,' namely, from Mount Neritos, which has just before been described as its conspicuous mark and chief elevation?

2. Next, as regards *πανυπεράτη*, it is impossible, I think, to assign to it the sense of vertical altitude. Neither the eye of the poet nor the reports of witnesses could well give him an account which would lead him to say the Ithacan hills of two thousand feet were the highest in the group of islands, when at so short a distance they are towered over by the Black Mountain, with its elevation of five thousand feet, in the neighbour island. It is so conspicuous an object, so isolated by greatly superior height, as to make the idea quite inadmissible. We must, then, take the phrase 'highest of all' to mean farthest in a given direction, like the 'higher than Chios,' 'lower than Chios,' which I have already cited: and the question thus remains, in what direction was Ithaca the highest or farthest?

3. It is freely held that *zophos* in Homer, as connected with a point of the compass, simply means the west. This is an opinion which I think requires both relaxation and limitation. In *Od.* xii. 81, we have *zophos* apparently indicating the same quarter as Erebos; the cave of Scylla was

*πρὸς ζόφον, εἰς Ἑρεβος τετραμμένον*

and the Erebos of Homer was certainly in the east. The word appears to have been imported, like so much else, especially of what concerns the Underworld, from Egypt; and to be the base of the Homeric word *Eremboi* (*Od.* iv. 84) and of our word Arabia. In truth, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to show,<sup>1</sup> neither east nor west was in the mind of Homer wholly dissociated from the idea of darkness—

<sup>1</sup> *Homeric Synchronism*, p. 227.

that darkness which precedes the sunrise, as well as follows the sunset. This we may perceive from the relationship on the one hand between *zophos* and Zephuros, on the other between *euoeis* and Euros. In the present case, however, the express opposition to *Eos* distinctly proves that *zophos* indicates a region in the western segment of the horizon. But what is material to remark is this: first, Homer's indications are not usually of particular points of the compass, but of wide arcs on the horizon; secondly, the *zophos* of Homer means an arc reaching from due west northwards, just as his *Eos* means an arc reaching from due east southwards. Indeed Zephuros is much more a north-west than a west wind, for it blows from Thrace (*Il.* ix. 5) upon the Ægean; and Euros, its opposite, with Notos, the opposite of Boreas, includes a strong element of southing. And some ground for these ideas would be naturally found in observing the points of the heavens at which the sun set and rose respectively. I do not say broadly that *zophos* means north-westwards, or *Eos* south-eastwards; but these renderings would perhaps be quite as near the mark as those of due west and due east. Any rendering, to be Homeric, must be in this case elastic.

Considerations of this kind have of late been much overlooked. But Nitzsch, publishing in 1826, renders (*in loc.*) *πρὸς ζόφον* by *gegen nordwesten*. Schreiber<sup>1</sup> admits that *πρὸς ἡέλιον* meant southwards: and Strabo<sup>2</sup> goes so far as to translate *ζόφος* by *Arctos*, the North, and *πρὸς ἥω τ' ἡέλιόν τε* by the quarter from which the wind *Notos* comes, and quotes Ephoros<sup>3</sup> as giving the opinion of "the ancients" to the same effect.

Now the main axis of Ithaca bears about N.N.W. and S.S.E., and that of Cefalonia, running along its mountain-line is nearly the same; but in actual

<sup>1</sup> *Ithaca, oder Versuch*, &c., Leipzig, 1829, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Strabo, Book x., p. 454.

<sup>3</sup> Strabo, Book i., p. 34.

geography five-sixths of Cefalonia lie south of the southernmost point of Ithaca, while the northernmost point of Ithaca lies farther north than any part of Cefalonia. If we suppose the poet to have mis-measured the bearings of these axes by the not extravagant amount of (say) thirty degrees, he would suppose them to point a little to the southward of N.W. and the northward of S.E. And with his ideas of *zophos* and *Eōs*, he might then be entirely consistent with himself in saying "that Ithaca, slanting groundwards from the heights of Neritos, lay on the sea-surface farthest to the north and west: while the other islands were variously situated to the southward and eastward."

This, then, is the amount of error under which I suppose the poet to have laboured. It is not an arbitrary imputation. On this basis the text is coherent and accurate. It seems more reasonable to ascribe to him a small misapprehension, than to adopt the other alternative, which is his total ignorance of the geographical position of these islands. Such ignorance would have been strange even if he had seen nothing of them from personal experience, stranger still if, as I think will appear, he had certainly been a visitor at least of Ithaca. And there is another local condition which this hypothesis (I admit it to be no more) will entirely satisfy.

A ship, on its voyage from the Thesprotian land to Doulichion, arrives on its way thither at Ithaca, and moreover at an agricultural part of Ithaca: *Ἰθάκῃς εὐδείδου ἔργ' ἀφίκοντο* (xiv. 344).

This agricultural district must have been in the northern part of the island; and it could only be the plain described by Colonel Leake as a triangle between the three harbours of Polis, Trikes, and Aphilis.<sup>1</sup> In this passage the Thesprotians reach Ithaca at the close of the day (*ἑσπέρῃ*): so that the poet had a just idea of the distance from the Thesprotian land. If, however, we take the actual geo-

graphy, the Thesprotians could not touch at Ithaca at all on the way to Cefalonia. But with the changes of the axes, which is here imputed to Homer's conception, the northern extremity of Ithaca would have lain on their route.

We may now, therefore, suppose ourselves to have got both the component parts of the group with which the *Odyssey* is concerned, and the positions of the islands relatively to one another and to actual geography. It remains to consider the inland topography of Ithaca, an island in which civilised mankind has an undying interest.

There appears to be no ground for reasonable doubt, first that the descriptions of the poet are founded upon the real Ithaca; secondly, that he founded these descriptions, in the most important points, upon his personal experience. The first of these propositions is made good by his conformity to the truth upon the general outline and hilly character of the island, its two principal eminences, its very remarkable land-locked harbour, and lastly, the strait which divides it from Cefalonia. I should rest the second upon a certain particularity in the topical notices, which he could not well have acquired at secondhand.

Apart from these minor features, the poet has given us at least two groups of independent phenomena, by which he may be tested.

In the first group, we have a harbour so completely land-locked that vessels may ride without moorings (xiii. 97—101). Now the great harbour of Molo has three openings on the south. On the middle and principal one lies the town of Vathi; and it is as completely shut in (I speak in the capacity of an eye-witness) as a small lake, say the lake of Nemi. It has also the rocky projections at the entrance which are mentioned by the poet. Of the other two, Dexia is chosen by Sir William Gell<sup>2</sup> to represent the port of Phorcüs,

<sup>1</sup> Leake, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 38.

<sup>2</sup> Gell's *Ithaca*, chap. v.

and he believes that he has found the cave there: while he very fairly states that Strabo declared there was no cave in his time. Leake prefers the inlet of Schino, to the eastward of Vathi, as exactly corresponding to the poet's data.<sup>1</sup> But this harbour of Phorcüs is localised by its proximity to Mount Neritos (xiii. 345), which Athenè points out to the bewildered Odysseus in order to assure him that he is in his own country. It answers that purpose; and must therefore have been a marked feature of the island. Now an inspection of the map of Ithaca shows at once that three inlets, particularly Dexia and Vathi, are directly under Mount Marovugli, also called Mount Stefano, one of the two greatly elevated points of the island, and probably corresponding with the Neritos of the poet. Thus we have the harbour and the mountain over it in accordance with the topography of the Poem.

More important, because more searching as a topographical test, is the more complex grouping connected with the capital. In regard to it, the poem supplies us with the following particulars:—

1. Though, as we have seen, the island is not without local names, the capital has usually no name, except that of *Polis*, "the town."

2. It is situated upon a harbour (*Od.* ii. 391).

3. The maritime access to it from the Peloponnesos was by the strait which divides Ithaca from Cefalonia.

4. It was under Mount Neion (*Od.* iii. 81).

5. There was a harbour called Reithron, at a considerable distance from the town, in the rural district (*ἐν ἄγρῳ*, i. 186), which was also under Mount Neion.

6. Live-stock arrive at the capital by the ferry from the neighbouring island without any sign of their traversing any distance after landing, and thus to all appearance they merely

mounted through the town to the palace from the harbour.

7. In going from the city to the residence of Laertes, Odysseus and his party descend (*κατέβαν*, xxiv. 205).

Now if we find that all these indications converge, and fall upon some one point of the island for its capital, we can hardly be wrong in placing it there; and so complex a concurrence will surely make good the proposition that the poet had himself visited the spot. Let us proceed to try them.

We have in the name Troiè an instance where the same word designates the chief town and the territory. In the case of Ithaca, nearly all the epithets, which are numerous and appropriate, refer to the territory. It is sea-girt, goat-feeding, ox-feeding, picturesque, conspicuous, craggy, rough: not to quote other phrases. In *Od.* iii. 31, Ithaca is *ἐπαρήμος*—under Mount Neion. Here the expression is equivocal; but it probably relates to the city, since the poet treats Neritos as the conspicuous mountain, so that the island could not properly be *huponeios*. But also in *Od.* xxii. 52, Ithaca is *εὐκτιμένη*, well-built. In this the single instance where the epithet attaches it grammatically to the city, the word is joined with *demos* (as in *Od.* i. 183).

ὅφρ' Ἰθάκης κατὰ δῆμον εὐκτιμένης βασιλείῃ.

the rich *demos*, as it is called in xiv. 29, meaning apparently the town with the adjoining district. But as a general rule, I believe the simple word *Polis* is used to signify the chief town.

When, therefore, we find the name of *Polis* still attached locally to a harbour in Ithaca, one of the only two harbours on the western side of the island, our two first marks agree well with the facts as they are.

The proof of the third mark is, that the suitors placed their ambush midway in the Samian strait, to intercept Telemachos when on his way back from Pulos in the south east. If the capital had been on the eastern side of

<sup>1</sup> Northern Greece, vol. iii. p. 32.

the island, it would have been absurd that they should wait for him on the western side. We seem thus driven to place it on the western side; and there is no port for it on that side, except the ports of Polis and Aeto.

Aeto lies at the narrow neck of Ithaca. But there is no islet at all in the Samian strait near, or to the south of Aeto; and consequently that site is wholly incompatible with the ambush of the suitors. Other discrepancies, as we shall see, confirm this exclusion of Aeto from the question.

Fourthly, we have found that the town of Ithaca was under Neïon. This is true of the spot which I call *Polis*; but not of Aeto, which is under the rival hill called Merovugli or Stefano.

Fifthly, the harbour named Reithron was (1) far from the city, (2) by the *agros* or rural district, (3) also under Neïon. If the capital were at Aeto, there is no harbour which answers these conditions. The great Port Molo might be said to be under Neïon; but it is shut in by the hills, not upon an open district; nor is it far from the city, but close to it, as the isthmus is only half a mile across. On the other hand, these conditions are all satisfied in the case of Polis. At Phrikès,<sup>1</sup> in the north-east corner of the island, is a harbour, which is under Neïon, is far (about three miles) from the city, and is upon an open cultivated district, namely, the triangular plain of Leake, who observes that there are but two fertile valleys in the island:<sup>2</sup> at Vathi in the south, and under Oxoi in the north. This latter is the triangular space.

Sixthly, when Philoitios, the cow-herd, appears before the palace in *Od.* xx. 185, with a cow and goats, we are told that the ferry-men had brought him over the strait, and there is no

sign of his having traversed any distance after landing. Again we are driven to placing the capital on the east side; but it might, so far as this head is concerned, be either at Polis or at Aeto.

Seventhly, the capital, doubtless for security, was on an eminence; for the party descend, when they set out from it to visit the Orchard of Laertes. But that spot is not distant; for they arrive at it rapidly (*τάχα*, xxiv. 205). It was rich (*καλός*) and carefully inclosed (*τενυγμένος*), and looked after. This would naturally imply that the spot was in the undulating valley near the city, probably on somewhat higher ground (*Od.* xi. 187). But this again is fatal to the site of Aeto; for it is removed by some six or eight miles from the fertile vale.

It appears then that these seven marks, like so many witnesses, render an united testimony to the effect that the capital was on some knoll or hillock looking down upon the northern valley of Ithaca, on the slopes of the mountain now called Anoi, and having Port Polis for its harbour.

The errors which we need impute to Homer then are not, after all, many, nor serious.

1. He is perhaps hardly warranted in treating Neritos as the one great and conspicuous eminence of the island; for it has an elevation of 2,135 feet, only slightly in excess of Neïon, which has 2,066.

2. He is wrong, as we have seen, to some extent in describing the position of the islands relatively to the points of the compass as he understood them.

3. He is wrong in the unimportant description of Asteris as the island in the strait towards Samè: for the only island in that strait is Dhascalio, a small rock wholly unsuited to an ambush.

4. His idea of the limits of Doulichion is rather vague and indeterminate, than erroneous. We cannot say confidently whether it included the eastern coast of Cefalonia north of

<sup>1</sup> Leake's map places Reithron in the harbour of Afalos near Phrikès. But this would take Mentor much farther off his course; and would be much less in accordance with the expression "under Neïon."

<sup>2</sup> Leake, vol. iii. p. 33.

Samos. Whether it did or not, he naturally speaks of the strait itself in connection with the latter name, because the bay of Samos gives the most convenient and usual access to the island.

It is quite unnecessary to seek positive identifications for the swine-steading (so to call it) of Eumaïos, or the orchard of Laertes. It might suffice to say that no question of difficulty arises in connection with them. But it is well to make one remark on the first-named of the two. Nowhere in the poem does it at all appear that Eumaïos dwells at a distance from the *Polis*. But the passage which describes the walk of Odysseus to his dwelling from the port where he had been landed is so expressed as to give the impression that he had to traverse rugged ground, over a succession of high points. Athenê instructed him about the route: and "he mounted the rough path along a wooded tract, over eminences" (*Od.* xiii. 1—3). It will be observed how fully this agrees with our general results, which place *Polis* in the north of the island, as we now find the abode of Eumaïos was at a distance from the south.

Again, all this is in harmony with the directions of Athenê to Telemachos for his return. He is ordered to sail by night, and to keep away from the islands (xv. 33, 4); that is, instead of following the east coast of Zante, southern Cefalonia and Ithaca, as he would naturally have done, to hug the mainland, and then strike across to the north end of Ithaca; on nearing it, not to go himself to the city, but to send his vessel there, and himself to repair to the dwelling of Eumaïos. Thus we have further proof that the capital was on the west: while he lands at the first point he touches (xv. 36):—

Ἐπὶν πρότρην ἀκτὴν Ἰθάκης ἀφίκηται,

and has no great distance to travel in order to reach Eumaïos. When he

lands (xv. 103) he tells his crew he will go by the cultivated district and the abode of the herdsmen, and afterwards "come down" to the city.

The two mountains were covered with forest. Elato still retains a name taken from the firs, although they have disappeared. It was (*einosiphul-ton*) leaf-waving (ix. 22), and clothed with wood (xiii. 351); and in like manner Neïon was (*huleên*) woody or sylvan (i. 186, iii. 81), and in the woods the swine found the acorns and mast on which they fed (xiii. 409). Naturally, then, their breeding-place would be upon the hill, from which a sharp (xvii. 204), but seemingly therefore not long, descent led to the town.

The olive-tree (*Od.* xiii. 102) we shall hardly expect after 3,000 years to find: though I have seen, near Argostoli, the shell of an olive-tree, thirty-six feet in circumference, which may have been of any imaginable age. Of the grotto near the harbour of Phorcüs, I have never known a satisfactory identification; and this is really the principal *hiatus* in the comparison between the poems and the facts. For as to the fountains, it must be borne in mind that the disappearance of the woods, in which the swine of Eumaïos fed, must have greatly impoverished the springs and streams of the island. At Athens, exhausted from the same cause, the classic Ilissos may be seen in winter-time, as I can myself testify, with scarcely water enough to furnish a ditch two feet wide.

I offer this paper as my contribution towards solving a vexed question of Homeric geography. In offering it, I express the hope, that some worshipper of the Poet may yet be induced to undertake on the spot, with the whole evidence of the text fresh in his mind, a closer and more comprehensive examination, than has yet been made, of the topography of Ithaca in all its material points.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

## PART X.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## NELLO'S JOURNEY.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE drove from the door of his father's house with a sigh of relief, yet of anxiety. He had not done what he meant to do, and affairs were more critical than when he went to Penninghame a few weeks before; but it was something at least to be out of the troubled atmosphere, and he had arranged in his own mind what he should do, which was in its way a gain, as soon as the breath was out of the old man's body—but when would that be? It was not to be desired, Randolph said to himself piously, that his father should linger long; his life was neither of use nor comfort to any one, and no pleasure, no advantage to himself. To lie there speechless, motionless, as much shut out of all human intercourse as if he were already in his coffin—what could any one desire but that, as soon as might be, it should come to an end?

He did not pay very much attention to his small companion. For the moment, Nello, having been thus secured and brought within his power, had no further importance, and Randolph sat with knitted brows pondering all he was to do, without any particular reference to the child. Nello had left the Castle easily enough; he had parted from Mary and from Lilius without any lingering of emotion, getting over it as quickly as possible. When it came to that he was eager to be off, to set out into the world. The little fellow's veins were full of excitement; he expected to see he did not know what wonderful things, what objects of entrancing interest, as soon as he got outside the little region

where everything was known to him. "Good-bye, Mary—good-bye, Lily," he said, waving his hand. He had his own little portmanteau with his name on it, a new little silver watch in his pocket—what could child want more? Lily, though she was his sister, was not a sensation like that watch. He took it out, and turned it round and round, and opened the case, and wound it up (he had wound it up twice this morning already, so that one turn of the key was all that was practicable). Nothing at the Castle, nothing in the society of Lily, was equal to this. He compared his watch with the clock in the druggist's in the village and found it fast; he compared it with the clock at the station and found that slow. He did not take any notice of his uncle, nor his uncle of him; each of them was indifferent, though partly hostile, to the other. Randolph was at his ease because he had this child, this troublesome atom, who might do harm though he could do no good, in his power; but Nello was at his ease, through pure indifference. He was not at the moment frightened of his uncle, and no other sentiment in regard to him had been developed in his mind. As calm as if Randolph had been a cabbage, Nello sat by his side and looked at his watch. The watch excited him, but his uncle —. Thus they went on, an unsympathetic pair. Nello stood about on the platform and looked at everything, while Randolph took the tickets. He was slightly hurt to hear that a half-ticket was still enough for himself, and moved away at once to the other side of the station, where the locomotive enthralled him. He stood and gazed at it with transport. What he would have given to have travelled there with the man who drove it, and

leave Uncle Randolph behind! But still Nello took his place in the train with much indifference to Uncle Randolph. He was wholly occupied with what was going on before and about him: the rush across country, trees and fields flying by, and the stations where there was always something new, the groups of people standing about, the rush of some for the train, the late arrival just as the doors were shut of those who were too late. These last made Nello laugh, their blank looks were so funny—and yet he was sorry for them; for what a thing it must be, he thought, to see other people go rushing out over the world to see everything, while you yourself were left dull at home! He remembered once himself being left with Martuccia in the still, deserted house when all the others had gone to the *festa*; how he thought the day would never end—and Martuccia thought so too. This made him sorry, very sorry, for the people who had lost their train. It did not occur to Nello that it might be no *festa* he was going to, or they were going to. What could any one want more than the journey itself? If you wearied of seeing the trains rush past, and counting the houses, now on one side, now on another, there was the endless pleasure of dashing up to one station after another, when Nello could look down with fine superiority on the people who were not going, on the children above all, who looked up envious, and envied him, he felt sure.

By and by, however, though he would not confess it to himself, the delights of the journey began to pall: his little eyes grew fatigued with looking, and his little mind with the continuous spectacle of those long, flying breadths of country; and even the stations lost their charm. He would have liked to have somebody to talk to, and cast one or two wistful glances to see whether Uncle Randolph was practicable, but found no encouragement in that countenance, pre-occupied, and somewhat lowering by

nature, which appeared now and then in the wavering of the train, over the newspaper his uncle was reading. What a long time it took to read that paper! How it cracked when it was opened out! How tired Nello grew of seeing it opposite to him! And he began to grow cramped with sitting; his limbs wanted stretching, his mind wanted change; and he began to be hungry. Randolph, who scorned the poor refreshments of the railway, and thought it better to wait for his meal till he reached home, did not think of the difference between himself and the child. They travelled on and on through the dulness of the afternoon. Nello, who had been so cheerful, felt disposed to sleep, but was too proud to yield to it; and then he began to think of his sister and the home he had left. It is natural, it is selfish, to remember home when we miss its comforts; but if that is not of the higher nature of love, it is yet the religion of the weak, and not despised by the great Succourer who bids men call upon Him in time of trouble. Nello's heart, when he began to feel tired and famished, recurred with a pathetic trust in the tenderness and in the certainty of the well-being that abode there, to his home.

When they stopped at a lively, bustling junction to change their direction, things mended a little. Nello ventured to buy himself a cake, his uncle not interfering, as they waited. "You will spoil your stomach with that sweet stuff," Randolph said, but he allowed the child to munch. And they had half-an-hour to wait, which of itself was something. Nello walked about, imitating Randolph's longer stride, though he did not accompany his uncle; and though he felt forlorn and very small among the crowd, marched about and looked at everything as the gentlemen did, recovering his spirits a little. And suddenly, with a great glow of pleasure all over him, Nello spied among the strangers who were hurrying to and fro a face he had seen before; it is true it was

only the face of the countryman who had accosted him in the chase, and with whom he had but a small acquaintance, but even this was something in the waste of the unknown that surrounded him. The boy rushed up to him with a gleam of joy upon his small countenance. "I say, have you come from—home?"

"Yes, my little gentleman," said Wild Bampfylde. "I'm taking a journey like you, but I like best to tramp on my two legs. I'm going no further in your carriages that give you the cramp. I reckon you're tired too."

"A little," said Nello; "but that's no matter. What have you in your basket? is it another rabbit? I gave mine to Lily. They would not let me bring it though I wanted to bring it. School you know," said the boy, seriously, "is not like home. You have to be just like as if you were grown up there. Little—you cannot help being little; but you have to be like as if you were grown up there."

"Ay, ay, that's the way to take it," said the countryman, looking down with a twinkle in his eye, half smiling, half sad, at the small creature beside him. "The thing is to be a man, and to mind that you must stand up like a man, whatever happens. If one hits you, you must hit him again, and be sure not to cry."

"Hit me," said Nello—"cry? Ah, you do not know the kind of school I am going to—for you are not a gentleman," he added, looking with selfish condescension at his adviser. "I like you just the same," said Nello, "but you are not a gentleman, are you? and how can you know?"

"The Lord forbid!" said Bampfylde, "one's enough in a family. It would be ill for us, and maybe for you too, if I were a gentleman. Look you here, my little man. Look at the bonnie bird in this basket—it's better than your rabbit. A rabbit, though it's one o' God's harmless creatures, has little sense, and cannot learn; but this bonnie thing is of use to God and man, as

well as being bonnie to look at. Look at him! what a bonnie head he has, and an eye as meaning as your own."

"A pigeon!" said Nello, with a cry of delight. "Oh, I wish I might have him! Do you think I might have him? I could put him under the seat, and nobody would see the basket; and then when we got there——"

"Ay, that's the question—when you got there."

"I would say—it was my—fishing basket," said Nello. "*He* said they went fishing; and nobody would know. I would say Mary had—put things in it: nobody would ever find out, and I would keep it in my room, and buy seed for it and give it water, and it would live quite comfortable. And it would soon come to know me, wouldn't it? and hop about and sit on my shoulder. Oh, let me have it; won't you let me have it? Look here, I have a great deal of money," cried Nello, turning out his pocket; "five shillings to spend, and a sovereign Mary gave me. I will give you money for it, as much money as ever you please——"

"Whisht, my little lad; put back your money and keep it safe, for you'll have need of it. I brought the bird to give you. If they're kind folks they'll let you keep him. You must keep him safe, and take care he has his meat every day; and if they're unkind to you or treat you bad, put you his basket in the window and open the lid, and puff! he'll flee away and let your friends know."

"But I should not like him to flee away. I would like him to stay with me always, and sit on my shoulder, and eat out of my hand."

"My little gentleman," said Bampfylde, "I'm afraid your uncle will hear us. Try to understand. If you're ill-used, if they're unkind, let the bird fly, and he'll come and tell us. Mind now, what I'm saying. He'll come and tell us. Did you never read in your story-books——"

"Then it is an enchanted bird," said Nello, looking down, very gravely, into the basket. Lily had read to him of

such things. He was not very much surprised; but a bird that some day would turn into a young prince did not attract him so much as one that would hop on his shoulder without ulterior object. He looked down at it very seriously, with more respect perhaps, but not so warm an interest. His little face had lost its animation. How Lily would have glowed and brightened at the idea! But Nello was no idealist. He preferred a real pigeon to all the enchanted princes in the world.

"Nay," said Bampfylde, with a gleam of a smile across his dark face, "it's no fairy, but it's a carrier. Did you never hear of that? And when you let it fly it will fly to me, and let me know that you are wanting something—that they're not kind to you, or that you're wanting to be away."

"Oh, they'll be kind," said Nello, carelessly; "I would rather he would stay with me, and never never fly away."

"I'll put him in the carriage for you," said Bampfylde, hurriedly, "for here's somebody coming. And don't you let any one know that you were speaking to me, or ever saw me before. And God bless you, my little gentleman!" said the vagrant, suddenly disappearing among the crowd.

While Nello stood staring after him, Randolph came up, and tapped him sharply on the shoulder.

"What are you staring at? Have you seen any one you know?"

It was Nello's first lesson in deceiving.

"I—I was looking at a man—with wild beasts," he said.

"With wild beasts—in the station—here?"

"Yes, white rabbits and pigeons—and things; at least," said Nello to himself, "he once had a white rabbit, if he hasn't got one now."

"Rabbits!" said Randolph. "Come along, here is our train. It is late; and before I have got you settled, and got back here again, and am able to think of myself, it will be midnight, I

believe. You children don't know what a trouble you are. I shall have lost my day looking after you. I should have been at home now but for you; and little gratitude I am likely to get, when all is done."

This moved Nello's spirit, for of all things in the world, there is nothing that so excites opposition among great and little, as a claim upon our gratitude. Anything and everything else the mind may concede, but even a child kicks against this demand. Nello's feelings towards his uncle were not unkind; but, little as he was, instinct woke an him in immediate resistance.

"It was not me that did it," he said; "it was you. I should have stayed at home, and when the old gentleman is better, he would have come out and played with me. And Mary would have let me stay. I like home," said Nello, "and perhaps I shall not like school; "but if I don't like it," he added, brightening and forgetting the secret he had been so sworn to keep, "I know how to get away."

"How shall you get away?" said Randolph. But he was so sure of this matter, which was in his own hands, that he did not wait for any answer. "They will take care of that at school," he said; "and it will be the worse for you, my boy, if you make yourself disagreeable. Come along, or we shall miss the train."

Nello saw that the basket had been placed under his seat as he got in; and as the train swept away from the station, he caught a glimpse of the lonely figure of his new friend, standing among the little crowd that watched the departure. Bampfylde made a warning gesture to the child who, forgetful of precaution, nodded and waved his hand in reply.

"Who is that?" cried Randolph, suspiciously, getting up to cast a searching look behind.

"Oh, it is the man with the wild beasts," Nello said.

And then came another silent sweep through the green smooth country,

which was not like the hilly north. It was all Nello could do to keep himself from pulling his basket from beneath the seat, and examining his new treasure. He could hear it rustling and fluttering its wings against the wickerwork. Oh, to be able to take it out, to give it some crumbs of biscuit which were still in his pocket, to begin to train it to know him! Nello only restrained himself painfully, by the thought that if he betrayed his own secret thus, his pigeon might be taken from him. How eager he was now to be there! "Are there many more stations?" he asked, anxiously; then counted them on his fingers—one, two, three. And how delighted he was when they came at last to the little place, standing alone in a plain, with no other house visible that Nello could see (but he did not look; he was so anxious about his pigeon) which was their journey's end. A kind of farmer's shandry, half cart, half gig, with a rough horse, and a rougher driver, was in waiting. Nello got his basket out with his own hands, and put his little greatcoat over it, so that no one could see. His heart beat loudly with fright, lest his uncle should hear the sounds beneath this cover—the rustle and flutter. But Randolph's mind was otherwise engaged. As for the boy, he thought of nothing but this treasure, which he was so happy to feel in his arms. He could carry it so, quite comfortably, with the little greatcoat over it; he neither remarked the rudeness of the jolting vehicle, nor the bare country, with here and there a flat line of road running between turnip and potato-fields. When they came to the house—a new, square house, in the middle of the fields—Nello thought nothing about it one way or another. He thought, "I wonder which will be my window; I wonder where I can keep the bird." That was all. His little soul, all eagerness after his new delight, had room for nothing more.

Randolph and his charge were taken into a plain room, very simply furnished, and not over-dainty in point

of cleanness, where the principal of the school, a man in rusty black, came to receive them. There was nothing repulsive in his looks, nothing more in any way than the same plain unvarnished rusticity and homeliness which showed in his house. The school was intended for farmers' sons, and the education was partly industrial—honest, simple training, without either deceit or villany involved, though not at all suitable for Nello. It was with reluctance even that so young a boy had been accepted at all; and the schoolmaster looked at him with doubtfulness, as the slim little curled darling, so different from his other pupils, came in, hugging his basket.

"He's young, and he's small," said Mr. Swan.

"Very young, and small for his age," Randolph echoed. "All the more reason why he should lead an out-of-door life, and learn that he is a boy, and will one day be a man.

Then Nello was put into the hands of the principal's wife, while Randolph gave further directions.

"His case is quite peculiar," the uncle said. "He is an orphan, or as good as an orphan, and I took him from the hands of ladies who were making a fool of the boy. What he wants is hardening. You must not be led away by his delicate looks; he is a strong boy, and he wants hardening. Send him out to the fields, let him learn to work like the rest, and don't listen to any complaints. Above all, don't let him send complaints home."

"I never interfere with what they write home," said honest Mr. Swan.

"But you must in this case. If he sends home a complaining letter, his aunt will rush here next morning and take him away. I am his uncle, and I won't permit that—and a family quarrel is what will follow, unless you will exercise your discretion. Keep him from writing, or keep him from grumbling. You will be the saving of the boy."

"It is a great responsibility to

undertake. I should not have undertaken it, had I known——"

"I am sure you have too serious a sense of the good that can be done, to shrink from responsibility," said Randolph; "but, indeed, are we not all responsible for everything we touch? If you find him too much for you, write to me. Don't write to what he calls home. And do not let him be taken away without my authority. I have to protect him from injudicious kindness. A parcel of women—you know what harm they can do to a boy, petting and spoiling him. He will never be a man at all, if you don't take him in hand."

With these arguments, Randolph overcame the resistance of the schoolmaster, and with redoubled instructions that it was himself that was to be communicated with, in case of anything happening to Nello, went away. He was in haste to get back for his train; and "No, no," he said, "you need not call the boy—the fewer partings the better. I don't want to upset him. Tell him I was obliged to hurry away."

And it would be impossible to describe with what relief Randolph threw himself into the clumsy shandry, to go away. He had got the boy disposed of—for the moment at least—where no harm could happen to him, but also where he could do no harm. If his grandfather regained his consciousness, and remembering that freak of his dotage, called again for the boy, it would be out of Mary's power to spoil everything by humouring the old man, and reviving all those images which it would be much better to make an end of. And when the squire's life was over, how much easier to take all those measures, which it was so advisable to take, without the little interloper about, whom foolish people would no doubt insist on calling the heir. The heir! let him stay here, and get a little strength and manhood, to struggle for his rights, if he had any rights. More must be known of him than any one knew as yet, Randolph said to

himself before he, for one, would acknowledge him as the heir.

Nello was taken into Mrs. Swan's parlour, and there had some bread and butter offered to him, which he accepted with great satisfaction. The bread was dry and the butter salt, but he was hungry, which made it very agreeable.

"You'll have your tea with the rest at six," said Mrs. Swan; "and now come, I'll show you where you are to sleep. What is that you're carrying?"

"A basket," said Nello, in the mildest tone; and she asked no further questions, but led him up stairs, not however to the little bedroom of which the child had been dreaming where he could keep his new pet in safety, but to a long dormitory, containing about a dozen beds.

"This is yours, my little man, and you must be tidy and keep your things in order. There are no nurses here, and the boys are a bit rough; but you will soon get used to them. Put down your things here; this chair is yours, and that washing-stand, and——"

"Must I sleep there?" cried Nello. It was not so much the little bed—the close neighbourhood of the other boys—that appalled him; but where was there a window for his bird? "Mayn't I have that bed?" he said, pointing to one which stood near the window at the end of the room.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Swan; "why that is for the head boy, and you are the least, and the last. It is only by a chance that there is room for you at all here."

"But I don't want to be here," said Nello. "Oh, mayn't I be by the window? The head boy hasn't got a——. What would it matter to him? but I want to be there. I want to be at the window."

"My little master, you'll be where I choose to place you," said Mrs. Swan, becoming irritated. "We allow no self-will, and no rebellion here."

"But what shall I do with my

—." Nello did not venture to name the name of the bird. He crept up to the head of the little bed which was to be allotted to him, and surveyed the blank wall, tearfully. There was but a very little space between him and the next bed, and he was in the middle of the room, the darkest part of it. Nello began to cry. He called upon Mary, and upon Martuccia, in his heart. Neither of them would suffer him to be treated so. "Oh, mayn't I go to another room where there is a window?" he cried, through his tears.

"My word, that one is a stubborn one; you will have your hands full with him," said Mrs. Swan, leaving Nello to have his cry out, which experience had taught her was the best way. She found her husband very serious, and full of care, thinking over the charge he had received.

"It's a gentleman's son, not one of the commoner sort," he said; "but why they should have brought him to me—such a little fellow—is more than I can see."

Nello sat by his little bed and cried. His heart was full, and his little frame worn out. In the state of depression which had followed upon the delight of the morning, novelty had departed, and strangeness had come in its place—a very different matter; everything was strange wherever he turned; and no place to put his pigeon! By and by the vacant spaces would fill, and boys—boys whom he did not know—big boys, rough boys, and that head boy, who had the window, would pour in; and he had no place to put his bird.

Nello's tears fell like summer rain upon the precious basket, till the storm had worn itself out. Then, first symptom of amelioration, his ear was caught by the rustle of the bird in the cage. He took it up, and placed it in his lap, then opened the cover a little way, and, entrancing moment! saw it—the glossy head, the keen little eye gleaming at him, the soft ruffled feathers. It made a small dab at him as he peered in—and oh,

how delighted, how miserable, how frightened was Nello! He drew back from the tiny assault, then approached his head closer, and took from his pocket a bit of his bread and butter, which he had saved on purpose. Then he sat down on the floor, a small creature, scarcely visible, hidden between the beds, betraying himself only by the reverberation of the sob which still shook his little bosom from time to time, entranced over his bird. The pigeon gurgled its soft coo, as it picked up the crumbs. The little boy, after his trouble, forgot everything but this novel delight; a thing all his own, feeding from his hand already, looking up at him sidelong, with that glimmer of an eye, with a flutter towards him if it could but have got loose. No doubt when he set it free it would come upon his shoulder directly. Nello lost himself and all his grief in pleasure. He forgot even that he had not a window in which to hang his bird.

By and by, however, there came a rush and tramp of feet, and eleven big boys, earthy and hot from the field where they had been working, came pouring in. They filled the room like a flood, like a whirlwind, catching Nello upon their surface as the stream would catch a straw. One of the big, hobnailed fellows, stumbled over him as he sat on the floor.

"Hallo, what's here?" he cried; "what little kid are you?" seizing the child by the shoulders. He did not mean any harm, but grasped the little boy's shoulder with the grasp of a playful ploughman. Then there was a rush of the whole band to see what it was. The new boy! but such a boy—a baby—a gentleman baby—a creature of a different order.

"Let's see him," they cried, tumbling over each other, while Nello dragged to his feet, stood shrinking, confronting them, making trial of all the manhood he possessed. He would not cry; he drew back against his bed, and doubled his little fist, his heart heaving, his lip quivering.

"I have done no harm," said Nello, with a sob in his voice; and the head boy called out, good-humouredly enough, though the thunder of his boyish bass sounded to Nello like the voice of doom, to "let him be."

"What's he got there?" he asked.

The basket was snatched from the child's hand, notwithstanding his resistance. Nello gave a great cry when it was taken from him.

"Oh, my bird, my pigeon, my bird!—you are not to hurt my bird."

"Give it here," said the head boy.

But the first who had seized the treasure held it fast.

"I've got it, and I'll keep it," he cried.

"Give it here," shouted the other.

The conflict and the cloud of big forms, and the rough voices and snatchings, filled Nello with speechless dismay. He leaned back against his bed, and watched with feelings indescribable the basket which contained his treasure pulled and dragged about from one to another. First the handle gave way, then the lid was torn off, as one after another snatched at it. Oh, why was Nello so small and weak, and the others so big and strong!

"Give it here," shouted the head boy; but, in the midst of the scuffle, something happened which frightened them all—the bird got loose, carefully as it had been secured, flew up over their heads, fluttered for a moment, driven wild by the cloud of arms stretched out to catch it, and then, with a sweep of its wings, darted out through the open window, and was seen no more.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### A CHILD FORLORN.

NELLO sobbed himself to sleep that night, scarcely conscious of the hubbub that was going on around him. He had watched with a pang unspeakable the escape of his bird, then had rushed blindly among the culprits, fighting and struggling in a passion of tears and childish rage, raining down harm-

less blows all round him, struggling to get out after it, to try to bring it back. Then Nello had been caught, too desperate to know who held him, in the hands of the head boy, who paid no more attention to his kicks and struggles than to his cries, and held him until, half dead with passion and misery, the poor little fellow sank exhausted, almost fainting, in the rough hands of his captors. Then the boy, who were not cruel laid him on his bed and summoned Mrs. Swan. They all crowded round her to tell their story. Nobody had meant any harm. They had taken his basket to look at it, and the pigeon had got loose. "And it was a carrier!" the head boy said, regretfully. They were as sorry as Nello could be, though by this time, under the combined influences of loneliness, desolation, homesickness, weariness, and loss, poor little Nello was almost beyond feeling the full extent of his troubles. "He's a mammy's boy," said Mrs. Swan, who was rough but not unkind. "He has never been at school before. A spoiled child, by all I can see." But why had a spoiled child been sent here? This was what the good woman could not understand. Nello slept and forgot his woes; and when he was woke in the morning by the tumult, all the eleven jumping out of bed at once, performing their noisy but scanty ablutions, tossing boots about, and scrambling for clothes, the child lay trembling yet anxious and half amused in spite of himself. The rough fun that was going on tempted Nello to laugh, though he was miserable. He shrank from them all, so big, so loud, so coarsely clothed, and in such a hurry; but he was tickled by their horse-play with each other—the hits and misses with which their missiles went and came. When the head boy was caught by a pillow straight in the face as he approached to execute justice upon one of the laggards, Nello could not restrain a little broken chuckle, which attracted the attention of the combatants. This, however, drew upon him the arrest of

fate. "I say, little one, ain't you going to get up? bell's rung!" said his next neighbour. The head boy was aggrieved by the poor little laugh. "Get up, you lazy little beggar!" he cried. "I say, let's toss him!" cried another, with sudden perception of fun to be had easily. The boys meant no particular harm; but they made a simultaneous rush at the little trembling creature. Nello felt himself seized, he knew not for what purpose. Then the noise, and the rude, laughing faces—which looked to him in his fright like demons—all swam in giddy uncertainty round him, and the poor little fellow came down upon the floor, slipping out of their rough and careless hands, faint and sick and sore, his head turning, his little bones aching. But though in his giddiness and faintness he scarcely saw anything—even the faces turning into misty spectres—Nello's spirit survived for a moment the collapse of his little frame. He got to his feet in a frenzy, and struck out at them with his white little childish fists. "I will kill you!" cried Nello, through his teeth; and a great horse-laugh got up. But this was soon extinguished in dismay and horror when the little fellow fell back fainting. They all gathered round, horror-stricken. "Lift him on his bed," said the head boy, almost in a whisper. They did not know anything about faints; they thought the child was dead. Then there was a pause. In their horror it occurred to more than one inexperienced imagination to hide the little body and run away. "What can they do to us?" said another, awe-stricken. "We didn't mean it." For a moment the boys had all that thrill of horrible sensation which ought to (but, it would seem, does not always) accompany homicide. At the end, however, humanity prevailed over villainous panic, and Mrs. Swan was called to the rescue. The boys were too glad to troop away, already subject to punishment on account of being late, and, huddling together, went down to the schoolroom in a band,

where vengeance awaited them—though not for Nello's murder, as some of them thought.

Nello came to himself at last, after giving Mrs. Swan a great deal of trouble; and there was nothing for it but to leave him in bed all day; for the child was bruised with the fall, aching in every limb, and too resentful and wretched to make any effort. He lay and cried and brooded, what between childish plans of vengeance and equally childish projects of escape. Oh, the pangs of impotence with which the small boy wronged contemplated the idea of those big fellows who had been so cruel to him! How should weakness be aware that strength does not intend to be cruel? Nello could not be tolerant or understanding at his age, even if there had not been his aching bones to prove the wickedness of his assailants. He hated them all. How could he help hating them? He lay and planned what he would do to them. But Nello's dreams were not malicious. At the last moment, when they had suffered torments of dread in prospect of the punishment which he permitted them (in his fancy) to see approaching, Nello's vengeance suddenly turned into magnanimous contempt. He would not condescend to reprisals; he would crush them with forgiveness as soon as they saw his power. Such were the plans which the child lay and concocted, and which amused him, though he was not aware of it. But when the boys came in Nello shrank to the farther side of his bed; he would not look at them; he would not listen to their rough inquiries. When they went away again, however, and he was left alone, a sudden fit of longing came over him. Oh, to see somebody he knew! somebody that was kind! Schemes of vengeance pall, like every other amusement. He gazed round upon the bare walls, the range of beds, the strange, ugly, desolate place. He could not tell if it was worse when the savages were there, filling it with noise, stumblings of heavy feet, cries of rough voices, or

when the sounds all died away, and he was left lonely, not a soul to speak to him; no kind hand to touch his hot little head; nobody to give him a drink, though he wanted it so much. Nello had to clamber out of bed, to pour himself out a cup of water from the great brown jug, which he could scarcely lift—and fell upon his bed again, utterly heartsick and desolate. Nobody to give him a drink! How they used to pet him when he had a headache! How Martuccia would croon over him, and bathe his head, and kiss his hands, and bring him everything she could think of to please him! And Mary would come and stand by his side, and put her cool, white hand upon his head—that hand which he had once called “as soft as snow.” Nello remembered the smile that came on Mary’s face when he had called her hand “as soft as snow.” He did not himself see the poetry of the phrase, but he thought he could feel again that mingled coolness, and softness, and whiteness. And Lily! Lily would sit by him all day long, and read to him, or sing to him, or tell him stories, or play when he got a little better, and could play. A great lump came in Nello’s throat. “Oh, my Lily!” he cried, with a lamentable cry. He had no mother to appeal to, poor child—not even the imagination of a mother. Lily had been everything. Nothing had ever been so bad with him but could be borne when Lily was there. Naturally he had not so much felt the want of Lily when it was pleasure (as he thought) that he was going to. He could part with her without much emotion in the excitement of novelty and childish hope; but now— Nello turned his face to the wall and sobbed. The lonely place—all the lonelier for bearing traces of that rude multitude—held him, a little atom, in its midst. Nobody heard his crying, or cared. He tore the bedclothes with little frantic hands, with that sense of the intolerable which comes so easily to a child. But what did it matter that it was intolerable! Little Nello, like

older people, had to bear it all the same.

It was best to leave the child quiet, the Swans thought. They were not unkind, but they were not used to take much trouble. The boys who came to them generally were robust boys, able to take care of themselves, and to whom it did no harm to be hustled about—who enjoyed the scrimmages and struggles. Mrs. Swan had her own children to look after. “I’ve left him to himself; he’s better to be quite quiet,” she said to her husband, and the husband approved; “far better for him to be quiet.” Attempts to amuse a child, in such circumstances, would have been foolish, they thought, and as for petting and sympathising with him, far better that he should get accustomed to it, and make up his mind to put up with it like the rest. They could not make any difference between one and another; and if he had a day’s rest, and was allowed to lie in bed, what could the child want more? There was no imagination in the house lively enough to envisage the circumstances from Nello’s point of view, or to understand what chills of terror, what flushes of passion came over the child, when the others poured in to bed again in the evening, driving him desperate with fear, and wild with anger. Who could imagine anything so vehement in the mind of such a little boy? But Nello was not molested that next evening; they were disposed rather to be obsequious to him, asking, in their rough way, how he was, and offering him half-eaten apples, and bits of sticky sweetmeats, by way of compensation. But Nello would not listen to these clumsy overtures. He turned his face to the wall persistently, and would have nothing to say to them. Even the tumult that was going on did not tempt him to turn round, though after the first moment of fright, the crowd in the room was rather comforting than otherwise to Nello. The sound of their voices kept him from that melancholy absorption in himself.

Next morning he had to get up, though he was still sick and sore. Nello was so obstinate in his refusal to do so, that the master himself had to be summoned. Mr. Swan would stand no nonsense.

"Get up, my boy," he said, "you'll get no good lying there. There has nothing happened to you more than happens to new boys everywhere. Come, you're not a baby to cry. Get up and be a man."

"I want to go home," said Nello.

"I daresay you do; but you're not going home. So your plan is to make the best of it," said the schoolmaster. "Now come, I let you off yesterday; but I'll send a man to take you out of bed if you don't get up now. Come along, boy. I see you want to be a baby as your uncle said."

"I am no baby," cried Nello, furiously; but the schoolmaster only laughed.

"I give you half-an-hour," he said; and in half-an-hour, indeed, Nello, giddy and weak, managed to struggle down to the schoolroom. His watch was no longer going. He had forgotten it in the misery of the past day; it lay there dead, as Nello felt—and his bird was flown. He stumbled down stairs, feeling as if he must fall at each step, and took his seat on the lowest bench. The lessons were not much, but Nello was not equal to them. The big figures about seemed to darken the very air to the boy, to darken it, and fill it up. He had no room to breathe. His hand shook, so that he could not write a copy, which seemed a simple matter enough. "Put him at the very bottom; he knows nothing," Mr. Swan said to his assistant; and how this galled the poor little gentleman, to whom, in his feebleness, this was the only way left of proving a little superiority, what words could say? Poor little Nello! he cried over the copy, mingling his tears with the ink, and blurring the blurred page still more. He could not get the figures right in the simplest of sums. He was self-convicted of being, not only the least, but the very last;

the dunce of the school. When the others went out to play, he sat wretched in a corner of the wretched school-room, where there was no air to breathe. He had not energy enough to do anything or think of anything, and it was only the sight of another boy, seated at a desk writing a letter, which put it into his head that he too might find a way of appeal against this cruelty. He could not write anything but the largest of large hands. But he tore a leaf out of the copybook, and scrawled a few lines across it. "I am verrey meesserble," he wrote; "oh, Lily, ask Mary to kome and take me home."

"Will you put it into a cover for me?" he said to the boy who was writing, who proved to be the very head-boy who reigned over Nello's room. "Oh, please, put it into a cover. I'll forgive you if you will," cried Nello.

The head boy looked at him with a grin.

"You little toad, don't you forgive me without that? I never meant to hurt you," he said; but melting, he added, "give it here." Nello's epistle, written across the lined paper, in big letters, did not seem to require any ceremony as a private communication. The head boy read it and laughed. "They won't pay any attention," he said; "they never do. Little boys are always miserable. And won't you catch it from Swan if he sees it!"

"It is for my sister Lily; it is not for Mr. Swan," cried the child, upon which the head boy laughed again.

That letter never reached Penninghame. The schoolmaster read it according to his orders, and put it into the fire. He wrote himself to the address which Nello had given, to say that the little gentleman was rather homesick, but pretty well; and that perhaps it would be better, in the circumstances, not to write to him till he had got a little settled down, and used to his new home. He hoped his little pupil would soon be able to write a decent letter; but he feared his education had been very much neglected hitherto, Mr. Swan wrote. Thus

it came to pass that Nello lived on, day after day, eagerly expecting some event which never happened. He expected, first of all, Mary to arrive in a beautiful chariot, such as was wont to appear in Lily's stories, with beautiful prancing horses—(Where they were to come from, Nello never asked himself, though he was intimately acquainted with the two brown ponies and the cob, which were all the inhabitants of the squire's stables), and with an aspect splendid, but severe, to proceed to the punishment of his adversaries. Nello did not settle what deaths they were to die; but all was arranged except that insignificant circumstance. Mary would come; she would punish all who had done wrong; she would give presents to those who had been kind; and all the boys, who had laughed at little Nello, would see him drive away glorious behind those horses, with their arching necks, and high-stepping, dainty feet. Then after a few days, which produced nothing, Nello settled with a pang of visionary disappointment, that it was Mr. Pen who would come. He would not make a splendid dash up to the door like Mary in her chariot; but still he would deliver the little captive. Another day, and Nello coming down and down in his demands, thought it might at least be Martuccia, or perhaps Miss Brown, who would come for him. That would not be so satisfactory to his pride, for he felt that the boys would laugh and jeer at him, and say it was his nurse who had come; but still even Miss Brown would be good to see in this strange place. At the end of the week, however, all Nello's courage fled. He thought then faintly of a letter, and watched when the postman came with packets of letters for the other boys. He could not read writing very well; but he could make it out if they would only write to him. Why would not they write to him? Had they forgotten him altogether, clean forgotten him, though he had been but a week away?

Nello did what he was told to do at school; but he was very slow about it, being so little, and so unused to work—for which he was punished; and he could not learn his lessons for brooding over his troubles, and wondering when *they* would come, or what they could mean; and naturally he was punished for that too. The big boys hustled him about; they played him a hundred tricks; they laughed at his timid, baby-washings, his carefulness, the good order to which he had been trained. To toss everything about, to do everything loudly and noisily, and carelessly, was the religion of Mr. Swan's boys, as everything that was the reverse of this had been the religion in which Nello was trained. Poor little boy, his life was as full of care as if he had been fifty. He was sent here and there on a hundred errands; he had impositions which he could not write, and lessons which he could not learn; and not least, perhaps, meals which he could not eat; and out-of-door tasks quite unsuitable for him, and which he could not perform. He was for ever toiling after something he ought to have done. He grew dirty, neglected, unkempt, miserable. He could not clean his own boots, which was one thing required of him; but plastered himself all over with mysterious blacking, in a vain attempt to fulfil this task. He who had scarcely dressed himself till now, scarcely brushed his own hair. He kept up a struggle against all these labours, which were more cruel than those of Hercules, as long as he had the hope within him that somebody must come to deliver him; for, with a childish jump at what he wished, he had believed that some one might come "to-morrow," when he sent, or thought he sent, his letter away. The to-morrow pushed itself on and on, hope getting fainter, and misery stronger, yet still seemed to gleam upon him a possibility still. "Oh, pray God send Mary," he said, every night and morning. When a week was over, he added a more

urgent cry, "Oh, pray God send *some one*, only *some one*! Oh, pray God take me home!" the child cried. He repeated it one night aloud, in the exhaustion of his disappointment, with an irrepressible moaning and crying, "Oh, pray God take me home!" He was very tired, poor little boy; he was half wrapped in his little bit of curtain, to hide him as he said his prayers, and he had fallen half asleep while he said them, and was struggling with drowsiness, and duty, and a hope which, though now falling more and more into despondency, still gave pertinacity to his prayer. He was anxious, very anxious to press this petition on God's notice. Repetition, is not that the simplest primitive necessity of earnest supplication? Perhaps God might not take any notice the first time, but He might the next. "Oh, take me home. Oh, pray God take me home!" God too, like Mary and the rest, seemed to pay no attention; but God did not require written letters or directions in a legible hand: He could be approached more easily. So Nello repeated and repeated, half asleep, yet with his little heart full of trouble, and all his cares awake, this appeal to the only One who could help him, "Oh, pray God, pray God take me home!"

But in this trance of beseeching supplication, half asleep, half conscious, poor little Nello caught the eye of one of his room-fellows, who pointed out this spectacle to the rest. "Little beggar! pretending to say his prayers; and much he cares for his prayers, going to sleep in the middle of them," they said. Then one wag suggested, "Let's wake him up!" It was a very funny idea. They got his waterjug, a small enough article indeed, not capable of doing very much harm. Had poor little Nello been less sleepy in his half-dream of pathetic appeal, he must have heard the titterings and whisperings behind him; but he was too much rapt in that drowsy, painful abstraction, to take any notice, till all at once he started, bolt upright, crying and gasping, woke

up and drenched by the sudden dash of cold water over him. A shout of laughter burst from all the room, as Nello turned round frantic, and flew at the nearest of his assailants with impotent rage. What did the big fellow care for his little blows? he lay back and laughed and did not mind, while the small creature, in his drenched nightgown, his face crimson with rage, his little frame shivering, his curly locks falling about his cheeks, flew at his throat. The head-boy, however, awakening to a sense of the indiscretion, and perhaps touched by a pang of remorse at sight of the misery and fury in the child's face, got hold of Nello in his strong arms, and plucked the wet garment off him, and threw him into his bed. "Let the child alone, I tell you. I won't have him meddled with," he said to the others—and covered him up with the bedclothes. Poor little Nello! he wanted to strike at and struggle with his defender. He was wild with rage and misery. His small heart was full, and he could bear no more.

After this, however, the boys, half-ashamed of themselves, got quickly to bed; and darkness, and such silence as can exist in the heavy atmosphere, where twelve rustics sleep and snore, succeeded to the tumult and riot. Nello exhaus'ed, sobbed himself to sleep under the bedclothes; but woke up in the middle of the night to remember all his wrongs and his misery. His cup was full; even God would not pay any attention to him, and it seemed to Nello that it would be better to die than to bear this any longer. Though the dark frightened him, it was less alarming than the rough boys, the hard lessons, the pangs of longing and waiting for a deliverance which never came. He had still the sovereign which Mary gave him, and the watch he had been so proud of, though that was dead now, and he had not spirit enough left to wind it up. It was October, and the nights were long. Though it was in reality between two and three o'clock in the morning, Nello thought

it would soon be time for all these savage companions to get out of bed again, and for the noisy dreadful day to begin. He got up very quietly, trembling at every sound. There was a window at the end of the room through which the moon shone, and the light gave him a little consolation. He kept his eye fixed upon it, and groped for his clothes, and put them on very stealthily. If any one should hear him, he would be lost; but Nello's little rustlings, like a bird in the dark, what were they to break the slumbers of all those out-door lads, who slept violently, as they did everything else! No one stirred; the snoring and the breathing drowned all the little misadventures which chilled Nello with terror, as when his boots dropped out of his hand, or the buttons on his trousers struck shrilly against the chair. Nothing happened; nobody stirred, and Nello crept out of the room, holding his breath with the courage of despair. He got down stairs, trembling and stumbling at almost every step. When he got to the lower story, that kind moon, which had seemed to look at him through the window, almost to smile at him in encouragement and cheerful support, showed him a little window which had been left open by some chance. He clambered through, and found himself in the garden. There was a great dog in front of the house, of whom Nello was in mortal terror; but here at the back there was no dog, only the kitchen garden, with the tranquil breadth of a potato field on the other side of the hedge. It was not easy to get through that hedge; but a small boy of nine years old can go through gaps which would scarcely show to the common eye. It scratched him, and tore his trousers; but there was nothing in such simple accidents to stop the little fugitive. And what it was to feel himself outside, free and safe, and all his tormentors snoring! Nello looked up at the moon, which was mellow and mild, not white as usual, and which seemed to smile at him. The potato-

field was big and black, with its long lines running to a point on either side of him; and the whole world seemed to lie round him dark, and still nothing stirred, except now and then a rat in the ditch, which chilled Nello with horror. Had he known it was so early, the child would have been doubly frightened; but he felt that it was morning, not night, which encouraged him. And how big the world was! how vast, and silent, and solitary! only Nello, one little atom, with a small heart beating, a little pulse throbbing in the midst of that infinite quiet. The space grew vaster, the stillness more complete, the distance more visionary, and there was a deeper sable in the dark, because of Nello's little heart beating so fast, and his eyes that took everything in. What was he to do, poor little soul, there by himself in the open country, in the unknown world, all in the middle of the night?

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## A CRISIS AT PENNINGHAME.

ALL this time the old squire lay in the same stupor of death in life. He did not rally. Sometimes there was a look in his eyes—a quiver as of meaning, between the half-closed lids. But they could not tell what it meant, or indeed if it was anything but vague reflection of the light that would break in through a drawn curtain or raised blind. There he lay, day after day, wearing out all his nurses. If he ever slept, or ever was awake no one could tell; but this old man, in the grip of deadly disease, lay there motionless, and tired out all the younger people who watched over him. A nurse had been got for him from the market town, and Mary was rarely out of the sick-chamber. Both of these attendants were worn to death as the monotonous days and nights went past; but the squire lay just the same. They grew pale and hollow-eyed, but he apparently had stopped short, at the point where he was when their vigil began.

In these circumstances, all the world flocked to Penninghame to inquire for Mr. Musgrave. Rural importance shows in such circumstances. He was "by rights," the greatest man in the district, though superior wealth had come in and taken his pre-eminence from him—but everybody recollected his pretensions now. Inquiries came for him daily from every one near who could pretend to be anything. The great great people, and the small great people, the new families and the old, the clergy (who were as good as anybody), and all who sought for a place among the gentry, with whatever hope or right, all interested themselves about the invalid. "His eldest son is still living, I suppose. And what will happen when Mr. Musgrave dies?" the people asked. And all who had any possibility of knowing, all who had any right to know, exerted themselves to supply answers to this question. One had it on the best authority, that John Musgrave was waiting, ready to come home, and that there would be another trial immediately. Some, on the other hand, were certain that John Musgrave never would come home at all to tempt Providence. "There will be an effort made to pass him over, and make his own son heir instead," they said; and some believed it to be certain that the other brother would pension him off, so that the house might not be shamed by a convict squire.

Naturally, Mary knew nothing about these discussions. She spent her time in her father's room, relieving the nurse when her hours for sleep came, resting herself only when she could no longer bear up against the fatigue, seeing nobody but Mr. Pen and Liliias. Mary took little notice now of Nello's departure, and the schoolmaster's letter. It had all been done against her will, but she was too much occupied, now that it was done, to dwell upon it. It was very shameful that he was so backward, and perhaps Mr. Pen and Randolph were right in sending him to school. Her mind was too much

preoccupied for the moment to give anything but this half-angry, reluctant assent to what had been done. And perhaps it would be better now if Liliias could go to school too, out of this melancholy house, out of the loneliness which was so hard upon the child. But Liliias was the only consolation Mary herself had; she had grown to be part of herself during this long year. It might be doing the child injustice, as she feared; but how could she send her only companion, her consoler, and sympathiser, away! As for Liliias, though she was deeply moved by Nello's departure, the want of news of him did not move her much. Her father never wrote, never communicated with the child. They had not the custom of letters. It was very dreary, no doubt, but still when he came back unexpectedly, perhaps just at the moment he was most wanted, stepping in, with all the delight of surprise, added to the pleasure of again seeing the absent, that was worth waiting for. This was the philosophy of the family. It was not their habit to write letters. Liliias accepted her own loneliness with resignation, not thinking of any possible alleviation; and she watched, sitting at the door of the old hall, for every one who might come along the road. It was October—the days getting short, the air more chilly, the sun less genial. The woods began to put on robes of colour, as if the rosy sunset clouds had floated down among them. The air blew cold in her face, as she sat outside the hall door. Martuccia within, in the background, shivered, and drew her shawl more closely across her ample shoulders. But Liliias did not feel the cold. She was looking out for some one—for papa, who might come all at once, at any time—for Mr. Geoff, who might bring news of papa—for something to come and break the monotony of this life. Something Liliias felt sure must be coming; it could not go on like this for ever.

"Nello was always company for his

sister," Mary said. Though she assented, she could not but complain. She had come out to breathe the air, and was walking up and down, Mr. Pen by her side. "It is very hard upon Lily, just at this moment, when everything is hanging in the balance, that her little brother should have been sent away."

"It would be very well," said Mr. Pen, "if you would send her away too. Nello wanted it. He would never have learned anything at home. He will come back so much improved. If he is to be received as the heir of everything——"

"If, Mr. Pen?"

"Well; I would not go against you for the world; but there is truth in what Randolph says. Randolph says there must be certificates of his birth, and all that; quite easy—quite easy to get—but where is your brother John to look after it all? He ought to be here now."

"Yes, he ought to be here. But would it be safe for him to come, Mr. Pen?"

"Miss Mary, I can't help wondering about that," said Mr. Pen, with troubled looks: had he grown unfaithful to John? "if he is innocent, why shouldn't he come *now*? No jury would convict——"

Mary stopped him with a motion of her hand.

"Randolph has been gaining you over to his side," she said. They were walking up and down the road close to the house. Just where the great gates ought to be—if the Musgraves were ever rich enough to restore the courtyard of the old castle—was the limit of their walk. Mary could not allow herself to be out of reach even for an hour. She was here, ready to be called, in case her father should come to any semblance of himself. "I do not say he has not some reason on his side, now that my father is—as he is. Everything seems to have grown so much nearer. It is dreadful not to know where John is, not to be able to communicate with him. I wrote to the last place they were living—the

place the children came from—but I have never had any answer: When my poor father goes—as go he must, I suppose—what am I to do?"

"You must let Randolph manage for you. Randolph must do it. God knows, Miss Mary, I don't want to go against you——"

"But you do," she said, with a half smile. She smiled at it, but she did not like it. It is hard, even when a dog, who has been your special follower, turns away and follows some one else. "You never did it before since we have known each other, Mr. Pen."

Poor Mr. Pen felt the reproach. He was ready to weep himself, and looked at her with wistful deprecating eyes; but was it not for her sake?

"I don't know what else to say to you. It breaks my heart to go against you," he said. "Whatever pleases you seems always best to me. But Randolph says—and I cannot deny it, Miss Mary, there's truth in what he says."

"Yes, there's truth in what he says. He has got the child away, and placed him out of reach, with your help, Mr. Pen; and he will push the father away, out of his just place, and make all the difficulties double. He has put you against him already that was his friend, and he will put other people against him. I begin to see what he is aiming at!" cried Mary, clasping her hands together, with indignant vehemence.

Mr. Pen did not know what to say or do to soothe her. He was full of compunction, feeling himself guilty. He to have turned against her! He felt all the horror of it to his very heart.

"We should be just to Randolph too," he said, tremulously; "he means to do what's right. And if I seem to cross you, 'tis but to serve you, Miss Mary. How could you stand in the breach, and bear all that will have to be borne? If Randolph does not come to do what has to be done, you would have to do it; and it would be more than should be put upon you."

"Have I ever shrunk from what has to be done!" she said, with again a half smile of pained surprise.

Mr. Pen had no answer to make; he knew very well she had not failed hitherto; and in his heart he was aware that Randolph's motives were very different from Mary's. Still, he held with a gentle obstinacy to the lesson he had learned. It was going against her, but it was for her sake. They took one or two turns together in silence, neither saying any more. As they turned again, however, towards the house for the third time, Eastwood met them hurrying from the door. Nurse had sent down stairs for Miss Musgrave, begging her to come without delay. The urgent message, and the man's haste and anxious eager looks frightened Mary. The household generally had come to that state of expectation which welcomes any event, howsoever melancholy, as a relief to the strain of nerve and strength which long suspense produces. Eastwood was eager that there might be some change—if for the better, so much the better—but that was scarcely to be looked for—anyhow a change, a new event. The same thrill of anticipation ran through Mary's veins. Was it come now—the moment of fate, the crisis, which would affect so many? She bid Mr. Pen to follow her, with a movement of her hand. "Wait in the library," she said, as she went up stairs.

While Mary took the air in this anxious little promenade up and down, Lillas sat at the hall door, looking out upon the road, looking far away for the something that was coming. She did not know that the rider on the pale horse was the most likely passenger to come that way. Happier visitors were in Lillas's thoughts—her father himself to clear up everything, who would go and fetch Nello back, and put all right that was wrong; or Mr. Geoff, who was not so good, but yet very comforting, and between whom and Lillas there existed a link of secret alliance, unknown to any-

body, which was sweet to the child. Lillas was looking out far upon the road, vaguely thinking of Geoff, for he was the most likely person to come—he who rode along the road so often to ask for the squire: far more likely than her father, who was a hope rather than an expectation. Sae was looking far away, as is the wont of the dreamer, pursuing her hope to the very horizon whence it might come—when suddenly, all at once, Lillas woke to the consciousness that there was some one standing near her, close to her, saying nothing, but looking at her with that intent look which wakes even a sleeper when fixed upon him, much more a dreamer, linked to common earth by the daylight, and all the sounds and touches of ordinary life. She rose to her feet with a start—frightened yet satisfied—for here was something which had happened, if not the something for which she looked. But Lillas's eyes enlarged to twice their size, and her heart gave a great jump, when she saw that the figure standing beside her was that of the old woman whom she had met in the Chase.

'Lizabeth had come up unobserved from the water-side. She was dressed exactly as she had been before, with the hood of her grey cloak over her white cap—a stately figure, notwithstanding the homely dress.

Lillas gave a cry at the sight, and ran to her.

"Oh, old woman!" she cried—"oh, I want to ask you—I want to ask you so many things."

"Honeysweet!" said 'Lizabeth, with a glow in her dark eyes. She did not for a moment think, either of what she had come to say, or of the risks that attended her communications with her daughter's child. She thought only of the face she saw reflected in that other face, and of the secret property she had in the child who was so beautiful and so sweet. This was 'Lizabeth's heiress, the inheritor of the beauty which the old woman had been conscious of in her own person, and still

more conscious of in the person of her daughter. Liliás was the third in that fair line. Pride filled the old woman's heart, along with the warm gush of tenderness. No one had ever looked at Liliás with such passionate love and admiration. She did not venture to take the child into her arms as she had done in the solitude of the woods, but she looked at her with all her heart in her eyes.

Liliás seized her by the hand and drew her to the seat from which she had herself risen. "Come!" she said eagerly. "They say you know everything about papa—and I have a right to know; no one has so good a right to hear as I. Oh, tell me! tell me! Sit down here and rest. I once went up the hill, far away up the hill to go to you, but there I met Mr. Geoff. Do you know Mr. Geoff? Come, come, sit down here and tell me about papa——"

"My darling," said 'Lizabeth, "blessings on your bonnie face! but I dare not stay. Some time—soon, if it's God's will, you'll hear all the like of you could understand, and you'll get him back to enjoy his own. God bless my bairn that would give me her own seat, and think no shame of old 'Lizabeth! That's like my Lily," the old woman said, with ready tears. "But listen, honey, for this is what I came to say. You must tell the lady to send and bring back the little boy. The bairn is in trouble. I cannot tell you what kind of trouble, but she must send and bring him back. My honey, do you hear what I say?"

"The little boy, and the lady?" said Liliás wondering; then she exclaimed suddenly with a cry of pain, "Nello! my little brother!" and in her eagerness caught 'Lizabeth's hands and drew her down upon the seat.

"Ay, just your little brother, my honeysweet. My lad is away that would go and look after him, so you must tell the lady. No, no, I must not stay. The time will maybe come. But tell the lady, my darling. The little boy has need of her or of you.

He is too little a bairn to be away among strangers. I cannot think upon his name—nor I cannot think," said 'Lizabeth, with a gleam of grandmotherly disapproval, "what my Lily could be thinking of to give a little lad such an outlandish name. But tell the lady to send and bring him home."

"Oh, I will go, I will go directly. Wait till I tell you what Mary says," cried Liliás; and without pausing a moment, she rushed through the hall, her hair flying behind her, her face flushed with eagerness. The old woman stood for a moment looking after her with a smile; listening to the sound of the doors which swung behind the child in her rapid course through the passages which led to the inhabited part of the house. 'Lizabeth stood stately yet rustic in her grey cloak, with her hands folded, and looked after Liliás with a tender smile on her face. She had nothing left to be proud of, she so proud by nature, and to whom it was the essence of life to have something belonging to her in which she could glory. 'Lizabeth's pride had been broken down with many a blow, but it sprang up again vigorous as ever on the small argument of this child. Her beauty, her childish refinement and ladyhood gave the old woman a pleasure more exquisite perhaps than any she had ever felt in her life. There was little in her lot now to give her pleasure. Her daughter was dead, her days full of the hideous charge which she had concealed for so many years from all the world; and she was old, approaching the end of all things, with nothing better to hope for, than that death might release her unfortunate son before herself. Yet as she stood there, looking after the little princess who was of her blood, her representative, yet so much above anything that had ever belonged to 'Lizabeth, there was a glow through all her veins, more warm, more sweet than any she had ever felt in her life. Pride, and love, and delight swelled in her. Her child's child—heir of her

face, her voice, all the little traits of attitude and gesture, which mark individuality—and yet the young lady of the castle born to a life so different from hers. She stood so gazing after Liliás till the sound of her feet and the door closing behind her had died away. Her heart was so full that she turned to Martuccia sitting motionless behind with her knitting. "Oh, that her life may be as sweet as her face!" she said involuntarily. Martuccia turned upon her with a quiet smile, but shook her head and said, "Not speak Inglese." The sound of the voice called 'Lizabeth to herself. The smile faded from her face. Little had she to smile for, less than ever at this moment. She sighed, coming to herself, and turned and walked away.

Liliás ran against Mary as she entered the house at Eastwood's call. "Oh!" she cried, breathless, "Nello! will you send for Nello? Oh, Mary, he is in trouble, the old woman says—he is ill, or he is unhappy, or I cannot tell you what it is. Will you send for him, will you send for him, Mary? What shall I do? for papa will think it was my fault. Oh Mary, Mary, send for my Nello! Wait a moment, only wait a moment, and hear what the old woman says—"

"Speak to her, Mr. Pen," said Mary. "I cannot stay." She was going to her father who must, she felt sure, want her more urgently than Liliás could. Even then it went to Mary's heart to neglect the child's appeal. "Mr. Pen will hear all about it, Liliás," she said, as she hastened up stairs. But Mr. Pen paid very little attention to what Liliás said.

"An old woman? What old woman? My dear child, you cannot expect us at such a moment as this—" said the vicar. He was walking up and down the library with his ears open to every sound, expecting to be called to the Squire's bedside, feeling in his pocket for his prayer-book. For it seemed to Mr. Pen that the hasty summons could mean only one thing. It must

be death that had come—and it would be a happy release—what else could any one say! But death, even when it is a happy release, is a serious visitor to come into a house. He has to be received with due preparation, like the potentate he is. Not without services of solemn meaning, attendants kneeling round the solemn bedside, the commendatory prayer rising from authorised lips—not without these formulas should the destroying angel be received into a Christian house. He was ready for his part, and waiting to be called; and to be interrupted at such a moment by the tales of an old woman, by the grumbings of a fretful child sent to school against his will—even the gentle Mr. Pen rebelled. He would not hear what Liliás said. "Your grandfather is very ill, my dear," he told her solemnly, "very ill. In an hour or so you may have no grandfather, Liliás; he is going to appear in the presence of God—"

"Is he afraid of God, Mr. Pen?" asked Liliás with solemn eyes.

"Afraid!—you—you do not understand. It is a solemn thing—a very solemn thing," said the vicar, "to go into God's presence; to stand before Him and answer—"

"Oh!" cried the little girl, interrupting him, "Nello is far worse, far worse. Would God do him any harm, Mr. Pen? But cruel people might do a little boy a great deal of harm. God is what takes care of us. The old gentleman will be safe, quite safe there; but my Nello! he is so little, and he never was away from me before. I always took care of him before. I said you were not to send him away, but you would not pay any attention. Oh, my Nello, my Nello, Mr. Pen!"

"Hush, Liliás, you do not know what you are speaking of. What can Nello's troubles be? Perhaps the people will not pet him as he has been petted; that will do him no harm whatever—it will be better for him. My dear, you are too little to know Hush, and let me listen. I must be ready when I am called for. Nothing

that can happen to Nello can be of so much importance as this is now."

And the vicar went to the door to look out and listen. Liliás followed him with her anxious eyes. She was awed, but she was not afraid for the old gentleman. Would God hurt him? but anybody that was strong could hurt Nello. She made one more appeal when the vicar had returned, hearing nothing and leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Pen! Oh, please, please, think of Nello a little! What am I to do? Papa said, 'Lily, I trust him to you—you are to take care of him.' What shall I say to papa if he comes home and asks me, 'Where is my little Nello?' Papa may come any day. That is his way, he never writes to tell us, but when he can, he comes. He might come to-day," cried Liliás. "Mr. Pen, oh, send somebody for Nello. Will you not listen to me? What should I say to papa if he came home to-day?"

"My dear little Liliás," said Mr. Pen, shaking his head mournfully, "your papa will not come to-day. Heaven knows if he will ever be able to come. You must not think it is such an easy matter. There are things which make it very difficult for him to come home; things of which you don't know——"

"Yes," said Liliás eagerly, "about the man who was killed; but papa did not do it, Mr. Pen."

Mr. Pen shook his head again. "Who has told the child?" he said. "I hope not—I hope not, Liliás, but that is what nobody knows."

"Yes," she cried, "Mr. Geoff knows; he told me. He says it was another man, and that papa went away to save him. Mr. Pen, papa may come any day."

"Who is Mr. Geoff?" said the vicar; but he did not pay any attention to what the child was saying. There seemed to be a sound on the stairs of some one coming down. "Oh, run away, my dear! run away! Run and play, or do whatever you

like. I have not time to attend to you now."

Liliás did not say a word more, or even look at him again, but walked away with a stately tread, not condescending even to turn her head towards him. In this solemn way she went back to the hall, expecting to find 'Lizabéth; but when she found that even the old woman was gone, in whom she put a certain trust as the one person who knew everything, Liliás had a moment of black despair. What was she to do? She stood and gazed out into vacancy—her eyes intent, her mind passionately at work. It was to her after all, and not to Mary, that Nello had been intrusted, and if nobody would think of him, or attend to him, it was she who must interfere for her brother. She stood for a minute or two fixed—then turned hastily, paying no attention to Martuccia, and went to her room. Liliás, too, had a sovereign, which Mary had given her, and some few shillings beside. She took them out of their repository, and put on her hat and jacket. A great resolution was in her face. She had seen at last what was the only thing to do.

"I think, ma'am, there is a change," the nurse said, as Mary noiselessly but swiftly, as long nursing teaches women to move, came into the room. The nurse was an experienced person. When Miss Brown, and even Mary herself, had seen "a change," or fancied they had seen it before, nurse had never said so. It was the first time she had called any one to the Squire's room, or made the slightest movement of alarm. She led the way now to the bedside. The patient was lying in much the same attitude as before, but he was moving his hands restlessly, his lips were moving, and his head on the pillow. "He is saying something, but I cannot make out what it is," the nurse said. Mary put her ear close to the inarticulate mouth. How dreadful was that living prison of flesh!—living, yet dead!—the spirit pent up and denied all

its usual modes of utterance! Mary wrung her hands with a sense of the intolerable as she tried in vain to distinguish the words, which seemed to be repeated over and over again, though they could make nothing of them. "Cannot you help us?—can you make it out? Is there nothing we can do?" she cried; "no cordial to give him strength!" but the nurse could only shake her head, and the doctor, when he came, was equally helpless. He told Mary it was a sign of returning consciousness—which, indeed, was evident enough—but could not even say whether this promised for or against recovery. The nurse, it was clear, did not think it a good sign. He might even recover his speech *at the end*, she said. And hours passed while they waited, watching closely lest any faint beginning of sound should struggle through. The whole night was passed in this way. Mary never left the bedside. It was not that he could say anything of great importance to any one but himself. The Squire was helpless as respected his estate. It was entailed, and went to his eldest son, whether he liked it or not; and his will was made long ago, and all his affairs settled. What he had to say could not much affect any one; but of all pitiful sights, it seemed to his daughter the most pitiful, to see this old man, always so entirely master of himself, trying to make some communication which all their anxiety could not decipher. Could he be himself aware of how it was that no response was made to him?—could he realise the horror of the position?—something urgent to say, and no way of getting to the ears of those concerned, notwithstanding their most anxious attention? "No, no," the nurse said; "he's all in a maze; he maybe don't even know what he's saying;" and the constant movement and evident repetition gave favour to this idea. Mary stood by him, and looked at him, however, with a pain as great as if he had been consciously labouring on one

side of that bed to express himself as she was on the other to understand him, instead of lying, as was most probable, in a feverish dream, through which some broken gleam of fancy or memory struggled. When the chilly dawn broke upon the long night, that dreariest and coldest moment of a vigil, worn out with the long strain, she dropped asleep in the chair by her father's bedside. But when she woke hurriedly, a short time after, while yet it was scarcely full day, the nurse was standing by her with a hand upon her shoulder. The woman had grasped at her to wake her. "Listen, ma'am, he says—'the little boy,'" she said. Mary sprang up, shaking off her drowsiness, in a moment. The old man's face had recovered a little intelligence—a faint flush seemed to waver about his ashy cheeks. It was some time before even now she could make any meaning out of the babble that came from his lips. Then by degrees she gleaned, now one word, now another. "Little boy—little Johnny; bring the little boy." She could scarcely imagine even now that there was meaning in the desire. Most likely it was but some pale reflection through the dim awakening of the old man's mind, of the last idea that was in it. It went on, however, in one long strain of mumbled repetition—"Little Johnny—little boy." There seemed nothing else in his mind to say. The nurse laid her hand once more on Mary's arm, as she stood by her, listening. "If you can humour the poor gentleman, ma'am, you ought to do it," said the woman. She was a stranger, and did not know the story of the house.

What could Mary do? She sent out one of the servants to call Mr. Pen, who had stayed late on the previous night, always holding his book open with his finger at the place, but who got up now obedient at her summons, though his wife had not meant to let him be disturbed for hours. Then the feeble demand went on so continuously, that Mary in despair

sent Miss Brown for Liliás, vaguely hoping that the presence of the one child might perhaps be of some use in the dim state of semi-consciousness in which her father seemed to be. Miss Brown went with hesitation and a doubtful look, which Mary was too much occupied to notice, but came back immediately to say that Miss Liliás had got up early and gone out.

"Gone out!" Mary said, surprised; but she had no leisure to be disturbed about anything, her whole mind being preoccupied. She went down stairs to Mr. Pen when he came. He had his prayer-book all ready. To dismiss the departing soul with all its credentials, with every solemnity that became such a departure, was what he thought of. He was altogether taken by surprise by Mary's hasty address—

"Mr. Pen, you must go at once and bring Nello. I cannot send a servant. He would not, perhaps, be allowed to come. If you will go, you can fetch him at once—to-morrow, early."

"But Miss Mary——"

"Don't say anything against it, Mr. Pen. He is asking for the little boy, the little boy! Nello must come, and come directly. You would not cross him in perhaps the last thing he may ever ask for!" cried Mary, the tears of agitation and weariness coming in a sudden gush from her eyes.

"Let me send for your brother," said the vicar. "Let me send for Randolph. He will know best what to do."

"Randolph! what has he to do with it!" she cried. "Oh go, Mr. Pen; do not vex me now."

"I will go." Mr. Pen closed his book with regret and put it into his pocket. He did not like the idea that the old Squire should depart out of the world like any common man, uncared for. After his long connection with the family, that such a thing should happen without him! Mr. Musgrave had not perhaps been so regardful as was to be desired of all the services of the Church, and Mr. Pen was all the more anxious, now

that he could have everything his own way, that all should be done in order. But how could he resist Mary's will and wish? He put his book in his pocket with a sigh.

"I will do what you wish, Miss Mary; but—it is a journey of many hours—and trains may not suit. Do you think he will—go on—so long?"

"He is asking for the little boy," said Mary hastily. "Come and see him, and it will go to your heart. How can I tell you any more? We do not know even whether he is to live or to die."

"Ah, you must not cherish false hopes," said the Vicar, as he followed her up stairs. The servants were peeping on the staircase and at the doors; they were half disappointed, like Mr. Pen, that the "change" was not more decided. They had hoped that all was nearly over at last.

The darkened room where the night-light was still burning though full day broke in muffled through the half-shuttered windows, was of itself very impressive to Mr. Pen, coming out of the fresh fullness of the morning light. He followed Mary, going elaborately on tiptoe round the foot of the great heavily-curtained bed. The Squire's head had been propped up a little. He had become even a little more conscious since Mary had left him. But his voice was so babbling and inarticulate that Mr. Pen, unused to it, and deeply touched by the condition in which he saw his old friend and patron, could not make out the words—

"Bring the little boy—the little boy, not Randolph—little Johnny: bring the little boy." Thus he went murmuring on, and there had gradually come a kind of wish into the face, and a kind of consciousness of their presence. "I wanted to bring Liliás, but Liliás they tell me has gone out; I cannot tell where she can have gone," Mary whispered. "And he never took any notice of Liliás—it is the boy he wants—listen, Mr. Pen, always the boy."

"I cannot make anything of it," said Mr. Pen, moved to tears.

"Oh listen! He says not Randolph, the boy! It is the boy he wants. Look! I almost think he knows you. Oh, what is it he wants!" cried Mary.

The light which had been so nearly extinguished was leaping up in the socket. A sudden convulsion seemed to run over the old man's frame: he made an effort to raise himself. His ashen face grew red, perspiration burst out upon his forehead. Ghost-like and rigid as he was, he moved himself upward as if to get from his bed. The nurse had put herself quietly at her post on one side and she called to Mary to go to the other, while poor Mr. Pen stood by helpless, as if he were assisting at a visible resurrection. "Don't get excited, ma'am," the nurse said steadily; "one moment! I hear the doctor coming up stairs."

The steady tread of some one approaching reassured the women as they half aided, half controlled, the spasmodic force of apparent recovery. The foot came nearer and nearer, thank God. The door opened and some one came in.

It was not the doctor. It was a tall man, with light hair mingled with gray and a fair complexion turned brown. He came straight into the room like one familiar with the place. Miss Brown, who stood near the door, recoiled with a quivering cry, and Mr. Pen, whom he encountered next, fell back with the same quaver of consternation in his voice. He went to where Mary stood, who alone had not looked at him, her eyes being intent on her father's face. He put her aside tenderly, taking her place. "This is my work as much as yours," he said.

*To be continued.*

# A NEW MANUSCRIPT OF GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

NOTHING can be more curious than the way in which valuable papers, after they have been lost for years, till their very existence is forgotten, turn up at length among the dusty volumes of a library, nobody knowing how they got there, or where they came from. In the confusion of national archives, where the methodical industry of a few years has had to contend with the neglect of centuries, and where state papers of every age and of every description lie as they first fell from the hands of those who fashioned our history, like the splinters in a workman's shop, it is natural to expect that much information has escaped the eye of the most energetic explorer. But in a private library, and especially in a very small one, it does seem singular that a curious manuscript should remain long neglected and concealed. This, nevertheless, has been the fate of the small volume before us; for years it has been lying on its shelf, and for years it might have remained there, had not good fortune favoured its discovery.

The manuscript is the property of the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, daughter of the late Lord Dunfermline, and granddaughter of that Lord Dunfermline who, as Mr. Abercromby, was for some years Speaker of the House of Commons. Mrs. Trotter being about to leave England, was arranging her books before her departure, when she stumbled upon a queer-looking octavo volume bound in vellum. Upon opening it her curiosity was excited by the nature and appearance of its contents. The pages were arranged like an index or an address book. The margins bore large capital letters, and under every capital was placed the name of some person, according to his initial, and then there were a few lines of writing

in a cramped and crabbed hand. A still closer inspection proved that the names were those of statesmen and distinguished persons living in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., and that the writer, whoever he might be—for there was nothing to indicate his name—had been on familiar terms with all of them. Charles II., James II., William III., Rochester, Clarendon, Sunderland and Shrewsbury, all appear in their turn, and under each of their names comes some observation made by one or the other of them to the writer, or some information which the writer had gathered concerning them, and had entered in his book. Besides these notes there is on a loose sheet of paper a memorandum concerning the execution of Lord Russell. In this it is stated that the writer, acting upon some information which he had received through Dr. Burnet and Dr. Tillotson, had attempted to soften the anger of the king against Lord Russell, but that the information was afterwards found to be false, and that Dr. Burnet, in his zeal for Lord Russell's welfare, had exaggerated the extent of his submission. Mrs. Trotter, judging partly from the notes, but principally from this memorandum, concluded that the manuscript must be the work of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax. In sending us the volume, however, she said that she had never heard of such a manuscript being in the possession of her family, and could only conjecture that it had been purchased by her grandfather, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

We found the volume to consist, as stated, of a mass of notes, and of a loose sheet of paper with a memorandum concerning the execution of Lord Russell. The notes are of a most

vague and desultory description, and are seldom dated: but the earliest seems to refer to the year 1675, and the latest to 1692; probably, however, two-thirds of all the notes relate to the years 1688 and 1689, the period of the revolution. The volume contains the names of ninety persons under initial capitals, and a great number of other names introduced incidentally. The nature and character of the book will be best explained by quotations from it. But as copious extracts will be furnished on a later page, we shall refrain from offering any at present, and pass on to our reasons for asserting the manuscript to be the work of Lord Halifax.

In the first place, a very careful comparison has been made of the manuscript with the acknowledged manuscripts of Halifax in the British Museum. The similarity is so complete, and the proof so satisfactory and overwhelming, that this of itself would be sufficient to establish its genuineness. The contents of the volume are still further conclusive, and we hope that the passages which we shall extract will be considered sufficient to warrant the assertion.

But while the authenticity of the manuscript appears to be beyond dispute, there are two passages in it which may to a certain extent affect its historical value. The first of these suggests the idea that some of the notes are a transcript from the journal of some other person. Under the letter R. in the MS. Halifax writes:—

*"Reresby Sir John.*—Thus I confesse I did a little temporize with him in these things, it not being convenient to be too open with a Privy Councillor, and so great a Minister, especially having used a freedom of that kind with his L<sup>d</sup> to no purpose."

Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentioning an interview which he had had with Halifax, speaks thus:—

"I must confess I upon this occasion temporized a little, it being neither safe nor prudent to be too open with a Privy Councillor, and so great a Minister, especially as I had been guilty of freedoms with his Lordship to little or no purpose."

These two extracts, if not verbally, are at least essentially the same; and it is obvious that whoever wrote one must have read the other. The remark contained in it, coming from the great and powerful Lord Halifax, of Sir John Reresby, a considerable man indeed, but far beneath Halifax in rank and influence, would be ridiculous, while it is very appropriate in the mouth of Sir John Reresby. If Halifax wrote the first passage, which we think he undoubtedly did, he copied it from Sir John Reresby; but then if he is not the "I" in this note, why should he be the "I" in any other?

The second passage would at once fix the manuscript to be the work of Lord Halifax, were it not for a difficulty involved in it:—

"Earle Mongrave," says the MS., "told mee hee intended mee no disrespect when hee voted for an addresse to remove mee from the woollack."

In 1689 Halifax was Speaker of the House of Lords *pro tem.*, and on the 10th of July of that year, a motion was made for his removal, but on the other hand no such person as Lord Mongrave ever existed. A natural solution of the difficulty might be found in supposing that Mongrave was a misspelling for Mulgrave, and both the divergencies of spelling, and the carelessness of writers of that age fully warrant such a conjecture. A reference, however, to the Journals of the House of Lords shows that Lord Mulgrave's name is not among the list of the peers who attended in the House of Lords on July 10th, though it is recorded both on the 9th and the 11th, the day before and the day after the important vote. It is possible, of course, that he may have been in the House, and that by some accidental circumstance his name was omitted. The forms of the House were then very loosely observed, and make such an assumption not altogether impossible. Only a few years before, the Habeas Corpus Bill was passed by Lord Grey, one of the tellers, taking

advantage of the inattention of his partner, Lord Norris, to count a very fat lord as ten. Even in our own times, we have heard of a lord being recorded as attending in the House while he was in fact on the Continent. Or again, it is possible, that Lord Mulgrave may have voted by proxy. We admit that neither of these hypotheses are satisfactory, but they are the only explanation which we can offer as a solution of the difficulty.

It is impossible clearly to trace the history of the MS., or to discover how it came into the possession of Mrs. Trotter, but circumstances lead us to the conclusion that it may have originally been in the collection of manuscripts belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. In the introduction to the *Savile Correspondence*, published by the Camden Society in 1858, we are told that Halifax kept a diary from which he compiled a journal, and that both these works, though known to have been in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, had disappeared from his library. The question at once suggests itself whether the MS. might not in some way be connected with the lost journal or the diary. Inquiry strengthens the force of the conjecture. It appears that Mr. Abercromby, who owed his introduction to public life greatly to the interest of the Cavendish family, was also intimately connected with the affairs of the Duke of Devonshire, and had been employed by the Duke as his agent. It also appears that Charles Fox, when he was engaged in his historical pursuits, had obtained free use of the Halifax MS. from Devonshire House. The conclusion, therefore, seems naturally to follow, that the MS. had been returned to Mr. Abercromby, the Duke's agent, either by Fox or his executors, and that Mr. Abercromby had mislaid the book or forgotten to return it. It is, however, impossible to accept the volume either as a journal or a diary, as the notes are not only incomplete and fragmentary, but are arranged without any regard to chrono-

logical order. This is enough to show that they are not contemporaneous with the events they commemorate, and leads us to think that the volume is a note-book in which, late in life, Lord Halifax attempted to record some of the incidents of former years, writing each entry as the recollection occurred to him, and hence creating a confusion and jumble of the general contents. It is very easy to imagine how such a book may have passed into the hands of Charles Fox together with, and under the general designation of, some fuller work, and, if this were the case, it has already been shown how it might have found its way into the possession of Mr. Abercromby. This explanation is no more than a mere conjecture, but the connection of Mr. Abercromby with the Duke of Devonshire, and the loss of the Halifax MSS. give it some appearance of plausibility.

We will now turn to the manuscript itself—first giving the memorandum relative to Lord Russell, and then offering extracts from the notes, and preserving with a few exceptions the alphabetical classification in which they are arranged.

I. It will be remembered that at the time of Lord Russell's execution, Lord Halifax was Privy Seal. Great efforts were made to save Russell either by moving the king to mercy, or by inducing the prisoner to recant some of his most objectionable principles. Nobody was more zealous in this latter office than Burnet. Burnet, though he omits all mention of the facts in his *History*, at length actually pretended that he had succeeded in bending the mind of Russell to submission, and persuaded Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to prevail upon Halifax to go to the King with an intimation of the circumstance. Halifax complied, but he had hardly delivered his message, when he discovered to his annoyance that Russell had not submitted at all, and that he had fallen a victim to an unpardonable but well-meant misstatement of Burnet.

Tillotson, though equally provoked, determined to make one last effort to shake the constancy of Russell, and to induce him to acknowledge the unlawfulness of resistance. With this purpose he wrote him a letter, which he delivered with his own hands, and waited while Russell was reading. He then carried the letter to Halifax, with whom he left it. After Russell's execution this letter came to the knowledge of the king, who had it printed. It has always been a matter of doubt as to how the king became possessed of the letter. Echard, in his *History of England*, states that the interview between Halifax and Tillotson was interrupted by Sir Thomas Clergis, and that Clergis procured a copy of the letter, and gave it to the king.

Tillotson, when in 1689 he was examined before a Parliamentary Committee, appointed to inquire into the deaths of Russell and Sidney, makes no mention of Sir Thomas Clergis, but says that his interview with Halifax was interrupted by the entrance of a servant of the Spanish, or some other ambassador. He also informed the Committee, that Halifax had told him that he had shown the letter to the king himself. This discrepancy between the accounts of Echard and Tillotson does not, perhaps, seem very material, but it is sufficient to afford grounds to Lord John Russell, in his *Life of Lord Russell*, for objecting to a certain statement of Echard upon another point, in which he charges Russell with a scheme for betraying his friends. The memorandum from our MS. which we will now quote, seems to throw some light on this subject. The memorandum runs thus:—

"Dr Burnet came to Dr Tillotson and told him that hee had now brought my L<sup>d</sup> Russell to be sensible of the unlawfulness of Resistance, and desired him to acquaint mee with it, that I might tell it to the King, as that which might in some degree soften him towards my L<sup>d</sup>. Dr Tillotson accordingly told this to mee, and I took the first opportunity of acquainting the King with it, and improved it the best I could for his advantage. Dr Tillotson in the meantime goeth to my L<sup>d</sup>

Russell to tell him how glad he was of what Dr Burnet had informed him. My L<sup>d</sup> said that Dr Burnet was under a mistake, for that he had only said that hee was willing to be convinced, but not that hee was so. Upon this, Dr Tillotson expostulateth with Dr Burnet for misinforming him, and for making him the instrument to send mee with a wrong message to the King. Dr Burnet confesseth that he said it positively to Dr Tillotson, though my L<sup>d</sup> only said it in such a manner as gave him hopes hee would be converted from his former opinion, but hee took it in the largest sense, because hee believed it might do him a good office to the King. Dr Tillotson upon this, the day before his execution, goeth to my L<sup>d</sup> to discourse with him upon the same subject, and withall carryeth with him a letter written by himselfe, to give my L<sup>d</sup> to consider of it, which hee did, and afterwards said there was more said against the lawfulness of resistance than hee thought could have been. Dr Tillotson bringeth this paper to mee to justify himselfe, and to rectify the mistake made by Dr Burnet; this was the night before the execution, which being done, the next morning my L<sup>ds</sup> speech cometh out, which being contrary to what I had told from him, gave some dissatisfaction at court against the Dr, who having left this paper with mee, being interrupted by the Spanish Ambassadors who came to see mee whilst the Dr was with mee, I having perused it, shewed it to Sir T. Clergis, and I cannot remember whether to anybody else, so that the K. heard of it (but not till after L<sup>d</sup> Russell was executed), and order was given to have it printed."

From the above memorandum it is quite clear that Sir Thomas Clergis was made acquainted with Tillotson's letter to Russell. It also becomes clear how it was that Tillotson was not aware of this fact, as his interview had been interrupted by the Spanish ambassador, before Clergis made his appearance. Echard must, therefore, be credited with the knowledge of a circumstance of which Tillotson was ignorant. Lord John Russell has urged the omission of Clergis' name in Tillotson's evidence to convict Echard of an inaccuracy, and hence to infer that Echard, inaccurate on this point, is probably inaccurate in the far more important accusation which he brings against Russell, of a scheme to betray his friends. We do not allude to this subject with the view of maintaining the charge against Russell, because we believe with Lord John,

that such treachery had no place in his character, but merely to direct attention to what seems a flaw in the argument for disposing of Echard's statement.

II. We will now proceed to furnish extracts from the notes. The notes are given exactly as they are to be found in the MS., except that in two cases a few, which related to the same subjects, but were entered in different places, have been brought together to render them intelligible. To the notes we have added some remarks of our own for the purpose of elucidation.

The first note comes under the head of Sir John Baber. Sir John Baber was physician in ordinary to King Charles II., and is mentioned by Pepys as being so extremely cautious, that he would never speak in company till he was acquainted with every stranger present. Halifax says:—

"*Baber Sir John told mee (14th Sept. '90) that hee sent the French Embassadour to renew his visits to mee, said that K. James told him I made great court to him by Priests, but that hee bid them ask mee whether I would take away the test, and upon my refusal he told them they were deceived.*"

And another entry below says:—

"*The Dutch Embassadour told mee H. Killigrew had said I used to go to the Nuncio Dadues, and that he saw me going thither.*"

These notes seem to refer to the latter end of King James's reign. In 1685, Halifax was turned out of office for opposing the repeal of the Test Act, and remained out of office during the rest of the reign of James II. Sir John Reresby, however, mentions that not long before the revolution a treaty was set on foot for the purpose of bringing him into the government, and was conducted by the priests. This, he says, was the reason that Halifax was trusted by James to the last. This report is also mentioned in the diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon. The Nuncio Dadues is no doubt the Count of Adda, the papal Nuncio in England, and H. Killigrew was a courtier of very small reputation.

The MS. then proceeds:—

"*Baber Sir John said hee told the K. Ch. 2 all the businesse of Whig concerning the Irish farms, of the 3,000 per an., and of the writing drawn up for it which he would not signe.*"

We have collected from other parts of the volume the following extracts on this subject:—

"*Sir James Shaen was present when the deed was sealed to Lord Witherington for 3000lb. per an., that hee would not signe it, but Dr. Gorge did.*" Sir James Shaen "sayeth that when the project was proposed in the time of Ch. 2 of farming all the branches of the revenue, L<sup>d</sup> Godolphin was to have been Treasurer."

Lord Hide "sent mee to Ch. 2 to let him know hee would serve no longer if L<sup>d</sup> Ranelagh was hearkened to. Sayeth in a letter to mee thus—Have a care L<sup>d</sup> Ranelagh doth not gaine credit in his waiting week to obstruct this matter, viz., the Irish farms, &c., *if he hath any wind of it.* If it be proposed to have my L<sup>d</sup> of Ormond consulted in it, for which there is no good reason in the world to be armed against it." "Ranelagh Lady was to have had 1000lb. if the project for farming the Irish Revenue by Sir J. E. (Sir James Shaen) had gone on. Her son hindered it, but she had her 1000lb. from him." "York D. was to have 3000lb. per an.: at the same time L<sup>d</sup> Danby was to have the same out of the Irish farms."

These notes seem to point to a corrupt and rather obscure transaction, which happened in the winter of 1675. In the reign of Charles II., the crown found it convenient to surrender to capitalists the revenue of Ireland in consideration of a fixed sum of money. The capitalists were called "farmers." In 1670 the Irish revenue had been handed over to a company, if we may call it so, of which Lord Ranelagh was the chief farmer. The system was replete with private corruption and public suffering. Lord Essex, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writes, "I can compare it to nothing better than the flinging the reward upon the death of a deer among a pack of hounds, when every one pulls and tears what he can for himself, for indeed it has been no other than a perpetual scramble." At Christmas, 1775, Lord Ranelagh's "farm" expired,

and measures had to be taken for settling the revenue. Lord Essex went to London to offer his advice, and we find from Carte's *Life of the Duke of Ormonde*, that Ormonde was there too. Essex had already written to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland to inform him that the revenue had been placed in the hands of Mr. Pett, Sir John Baber, and Sir William Petty, when an extraordinary scene occurred. Mr. Pett vehemently declared before the council that the Lord Treasurer Danby had accepted a bribe from some of those who treated for the farm. Essex, who apparently did not believe in the charge, thought that designing people had worked upon Mr. Pett. Mr. Pett, however, and Sir John Baber withdrew from the farm. But the business did not end here. According to Burnet, Danby was charged at the council table with favouring particular persons. Lord Widdrington admitted that he had offered Danby a large sum of money, but that Danby had civilly declined it. Halifax then observed that Danby had rejected the offer very mildly; but not so as to discourage a second attempt. It would be somewhat strange, he remarked, if a man should propose to run away with another man's wife, and if the other should indeed object, but with great civility. The taunt so nettled Danby, that he got Halifax dismissed from the council hall. The above notes seem to show how very far the corruption extended, and a reference to the impeachment of Danby, as Duke of Leeds, in 1695 bears still further testimony to his corruption in this matter. The Sir James Shaen mentioned in the notes was a great capitalist, and Dr. Gorge became apparently some years afterwards a Commissioner of the Irish Revenue.

"*Bolton Duke* said that L<sup>d</sup> Monmouth and Montague had told him I was the occasion of L<sup>d</sup> Russell's death. Made me great professions. Said he was satisfied of the falseness of imputing Lord Russell's death to me."

"*Caermarthen L<sup>d</sup>* told the King that the Treasurer's place was fayrely worth 20,000*lb*. per an."

This is a considerable increase over its former value. At the Restoration, the salary of the Lord Treasurer, Lord Southampton, was fixed at 8,000*l*. a year, and the appointment to subordinate offices was left in the hands of the King. After the death of Lord Southampton in 1667, the Lord Treasurer obtained the patronage of the subordinate offices, and kept the 8,000*l*. a year as well.

"*Caermarthen L<sup>d</sup>* told mee it had been happy if the King would have been content with the Regency."

This is an allusion to a proposal made by Rochester, Nottingham, and Clarendon, on the flight of James II., that a regent should be appointed. What makes the passage interesting is that Danby (Marquis of Caermarthen) voted *against* the motion, which was only lost by two votes.

"*Caermarthen L<sup>d</sup>* said openly at his table, that the Ch. of England was divided into two parties, of which one was for bringing in K. James, and *by God* hee believed they would do it. Hee told the Spanish Emb. that King William was a weak man, and spoyled his own business. Told Sir J. Reresby that if K. James would quit his papists it might not yet be too late for him."

In his memoirs, Sir J. Reresby states, that Danby had said that if King James would but give the country some satisfaction about religion, which he might easily do, it would be very hard to make head against him.

"*Caermarthen L<sup>d</sup>* said that K. James sent to offer to put himself into his hands before hee went away, that his answer was by C<sup>a</sup> Berty who was sent, that his own force which hee had in the North was *not sufficient to trust to*; but if his Majesty would bring a considerable party with him, and come without the papists, hee would sooner lose his life than his Majesty should be injured."

This passage, which is certainly a curious one, has already been substantially given by Sir John Reresby. Lord Caermarthen, then Lord Danby, had not only heartily entered into the scheme for bringing over the Prince of Orange, but he had actually drawn up

the heads of the Declaration to be proclaimed by the Prince to the English people. Danby had undertaken the task of raising the North, and he had written strong advices to the Prince to effect his landing in Yorkshire with a *small* army instead of making a descent in the West. This plan was violently opposed by Admiral Herbert, who declared that the coast of Yorkshire was so dangerous, that to disembark there would be to imperil the safety of the fleet. Had the Prince of Orange landed in Yorkshire with a small army, and in such a position as to prevent the co-operation of the fleet, it is very probable that Danby might have made his own terms with either the King or the Prince.

"*Caermarthen* L<sup>d</sup> complained to him (Sir John Reresby), that I insisted upon the words Rightfull King in the Oath."

When the form of a new oath of allegiance to William had to be decided on, the words *rightful* and *lawful* King were violently objected to, and a new form, to bear faith and true allegiance, successfully substituted. Many argued that under this new oath they were only bound to support William while in possession, but could, without violating their consciences, assist in the return of James. The substance of the above note is to be found in Reresby's memoirs. In fact it is obvious that Halifax must have seen these memoirs.

"*Capell Sir Henry* told mee that the King was as certainly married to the D. of Monmouth's mother, as hee was to his wife."

King Charles, however, upon the Duke of York's going abroad in 1679, made a solemn declaration in council, and both signed and sealed it, that he was never married to Monmouth's mother.

"*Clarendon* L<sup>d</sup> said at the Cabinet Councill to K. James: S<sup>r</sup>, you are Master of the presse, I hope you will be so of the pulpit."

"*Dartmouth* L<sup>d</sup> at K's first coming pretended to his pension of 1000lb per an. hee had from K. James. Sir W. Booth told L. P. that L<sup>d</sup> Dartmouth did certainly connive at the Prince of Orange his passing by. Said

his first falling out with L<sup>d</sup> Churchill was that hee found out L<sup>d</sup> Churchill told what was resolved in secret with L<sup>d</sup> Hide. Told mee it just after the sea-fight, when Torrington was put out, if they had offered him the command of the fleet, hee would have taken it. May 27th, '89. K. said he had some thoughts of allowing L<sup>d</sup> Dartm. a pension, but hee would see how hee behaved himself."

It will be recollected that Dartmouth commanded King James's fleet at the time of the invasion of the Prince of Orange, and that he has often been charged with intentionally permitting the Prince to sail past him. This charge is repeated here by Sir W. Booth. Burnet, however, declares that Dartmouth, though disapproving of the general policy of King James, was determined to act loyally to him, as admiral of his fleet, and that his apparent apathy was owing to unfavourable winds. Dartmouth informed Burnet, that whatever stories had been told to the contrary, he intended to fight, and that both officers and men would have fought, and fought very heartily. When Dartmouth told Halifax that he would have accepted the command of the fleet had it been offered to him after Torrington was put out, he alludes to the Battle of Beachy Head, and the disgrace of Torrington. Had he received the command, he would have probably betrayed it. Almost at the moment of the battle, he was engaged in an intrigue with the French to surrender Portsmouth, and in 1691 died in the Tower.

"*Dryden* Mr. told mee hee was offered money to write verses ag<sup>t</sup> mee."

Dryden, in James II's. reign, finding it to his advantage to change his religion, turned a Roman Catholic, and soon afterwards brought out his great poem of the *Hind and the Panther*. We don't remember any attack in verse by Dryden on Halifax. The following description of him, however, in *Absalom and Achitophel*, under the name of Jotham, is well known:—

"Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought,  
Indued by nature and by learning taught

To move assemblies; who but only try'd  
The worse a while then chose the better  
side,  
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too,  
So much the weight of one brave man can  
do."

"Dec. 3rd, '90.—*Ambassadour Dutch* told mee hee had not for a great while been in the K's confidence; that Deickfielt (Dykvelt) was not his friend. That Deickfielt put the King upon arbitrary councils. Said that the late mutinies at Harlem and Rotterdam arose in part from jealousies of that kind. Said that he had the same coldness when in Holland, as here."

"*Essex L<sup>d</sup>* told mee Lady Portsmouth said to him, my L<sup>d</sup> the King must be absolute else hee is not King."

Such was the language of the court in the reign of Charles II. Charles on one occasion told Lord Essex, that he did not think he was a king, as long as a company of fellows (so he styled the House of Commons) were looking in to all his actions, and examining his ministers, as well as his accounts.

"*Essex L<sup>d</sup>* said at councill that the apprehension of Popery made him imagine he saw his children frying in Smithfield. Said his brother had but little understanding, and the worst was hee thought hee had a great deal. Told mee with anger and surprize that some were for setting up the Duke of Monmouth—afterwards hee was for it."

This is the Lord Essex who was charged with treason at the same time as Russell and Algernon Sydney, and who committed suicide in the Tower. His brother was Sir Henry Capel, afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. As will be seen from the letters of Lord Essex, there had been a misunderstanding between the two brothers.

"*Fitzpatrick Coll.* bragged hee had put Father Peters and L<sup>d</sup> Powis into the Cabinet Councill with L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland. Told mee that out of ill-will to my L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland, who was not his friend, hee got Father Peters and L<sup>d</sup> Castlemaine joyned in the secret Cabinet."

We cannot discover who Colonel Fitzpatrick was, and his story does not agree with the account given by Burnet. Lord Castlemaine, the husband of the Duchess of Cleveland, had been sent by James to Rome upon a pompous mission to the Pope.

On his return there is nothing in Burnet to show that he was ever admitted to the secret council. Father Petre, on the other hand, *through the influence of Sunderland*, and much in opposition to the wishes of the queen, became a privy councillor. Everything was managed by Sunderland and Petre, "he, only, and Petre being of the secret Council."

"*Grafton Duke* told mee that if the fleet had fought, they had been all destroyed. Said L<sup>d</sup> Torrington would justly throw the blame upon the Councillours if hee was pushed. Said hee would never serve if L<sup>d</sup> Monmouth had anything to do in the fleet. Said L<sup>d</sup> Monmouth was mad."

These remarks allude to the proceedings of Torrington before the Battle of Beachy Head. William was in Ireland, and the government was left in the hands of Mary, and a council of nine. Tourville issued out of Brest with a very large French fleet. Torrington, under the impression that he was not strong enough to withstand an attack, retreated, and all England was thrown into the greatest alarm. The council met in London, and had an anxious session. Various propositions were made, among which was one by Monmouth, that he might be immediately allowed to join the fleet. At length it was determined to send strict orders to Torrington to fight, and there ensued the Battle of Beachy Head, the destruction of the Dutch contingent, and the subsequent trial and disgrace of Torrington.

"*How.* Aug. 8, '89. K. said hee had said those words concerning him in the house that if he was not king hee must either fight with him or cudgell him. Resolved to dismiss him. The question only was of the manner."

John Howe was vice chamberlain to the queen, and one of the bitterest speakers in the House of Commons. Lord Macaulay mentioning his acrimony says it once inflicted a wound which changed even the stern composure of William, and constrained him to utter a wish that he were a private gentleman, and could invite

Mr. Howe to a short interview behind Montague House.

"James K. told mee some years since when hee was on shipboard that sure L<sup>d</sup> Feversham was the best servant that ever man had. When hee sent to interrogate the L<sup>d</sup> upon occasion ag<sup>t</sup> him, hee confessed hee could not imagine that the aversion to his religion had been so great. When it was told that there were but 2 things to do, either to make a great condiscention without reserve, or to venture at the head of those troops which had not revolted,—hee said the last was not to be done, for no brave man would ever engage himself against all reason &c. Note, hee would not do the first neither."

"Jeffrey L<sup>d</sup> upon occasion of Gov<sup>t</sup> to be settled in New England; I arguing for the liberty of the people he replied—whosoever capitulateth rebelleth.—This at the Cabinet Council."

Fox, in his history of the reign of James II., tells us that Halifax had proposed in council a plan for modelling the charters of the American plantations upon a basis of English rights and liberties. The scheme was defeated, chiefly through the machinations of the French Court.

"King. June 24<sup>th</sup> '89, said hee was so tired hee thought hee must leave us."

This, doubtless, alludes to the well-known intention of William to abandon England and retire to Holland.

"K. told D. Hamilton once; do you know I am your King? I believe you have a mind to be King of Scotland; I would you were."

This story has been told in various ways, none of which are flattering either to the Scotch or to the Duke of Hamilton. In Lord Macaulay it is—"I wish to Heaven that Scotland were a thousand miles off, and that the Duke of Hamilton was King of it. Then I should be rid of them both." Burnet's version is very similar.

"Monmouth L<sup>d</sup> proposed to L. P. to trust him with the present possession of the estate, and hee would give him security to pay the rent of it, for his life, *where he pleased*—L. P. said L. Mon. got Gibbs to be made a Welsh judge, that he might swear ag<sup>t</sup> him. Gibbs was once L. P.'s servant. He was to swear about his being reconciled to the Ch. of Rome—L. P. sayeth L. Mon. offered money to severall persons to swear ag<sup>t</sup> him.—L. P. said L. Mon. employed the Bp. of Salisbury

to perswade the K. to have him left out of the act of Grace, *but the K. would not*—Aug. 29. '89. K. laughed at the small appearance of L<sup>d</sup> Monmouth's reg<sup>t</sup>, said it was raised for a Commonwealth.—Monmouth L<sup>d</sup> told mee at the K's first coming in that if hee did not use him well, hee should find hee had a sword ag<sup>t</sup> him as well as for him.—Told L<sup>d</sup> Falkland some years since, that they two must governe the world, roue the old fellows in business—that they would drink a bottle, and hee good company with the King—said at his first entrance into the commission of Treasury, that hee would understand the business of it as well as L<sup>d</sup> Godolphin in a fortnight.—Told Rochester hee ought not to be my friend for I was the greatest enemy to him in the world—L. P. told me L<sup>d</sup> Monmouth would have perswaded him to escape, to make him criminall."

The above notes are very characteristic of Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous Earl of Peterborough. The letters L. P. occur frequently in the MS., and we are inclined to think they refer to Lord Peterborough. Peterborough had turned Roman Catholic in the reign of James II., and was the uncle of Monmouth, who was his heir, and who eventually succeeded to his earldom. The relationship would also account for Monmouth's desire to get rid of Peterborough, that he might at once succeed to the estates. On the other hand, there is no mention of such a circumstance in Warburton's life of Lord Monmouth, nor was Lord Peterborough's property large enough to offer a great prize to his cupidity. As to the other notes it will be remembered that Monmouth was made first commissioner of the Treasury in 1689, and that much to his vexation he found Goldolphin placed at the same board. The enmity which Monmouth alludes to between Rochester and Halifax had been of long standing. Halifax had in the reign of Charles II. accused Rochester of misappropriating the revenue, and had driven him from the influential post of Lord Treasurer to the more dignified but less important one of Lord President. Halifax pursued his unfortunate enemy with the taunt, that he had often before heard of a man being kicked down stairs but never of his having been kicked up.

"Marleborough-Earle told mee the beginning of August '90 that he had in his own mind made a scheme of a Cabinet Council, viz. P. mysele, if I would come in, 2 secretaries, L<sup>d</sup> Steward—L<sup>d</sup> P.—Lords Mountrath and Drumlanrick were to have given 600 guineas to Lady Marleborough for the place L<sup>d</sup> Faulkland had in the Princes family.—Made a bargain with a Jew for 4<sup>d</sup> a loafe, and sold it to the soldiers for 5<sup>d</sup>."

"Nottingham L<sup>d</sup> June 24. '89. K. said the worst of L<sup>d</sup> Nottingham was his caballing with L<sup>d</sup> President (Caermarthen). Engaged with the P. of Orange and then flew back upon which they were in consultation to pistoll him. K. often told mee he was a weak man."

That it was the intention of some of those who were engaged with the Prince of Orange to shoot Nottingham is confirmed by Lord Dartmouth in a note to Burnet. Dartmouth says:—"The Duke of Shrewsbury told me, that upon this declaration of Lord Nottingham (that he would not go further in the business), one of the lords said he thought things were brought to a short point, either Lord Nottingham or they must die, and proposed shooting of him on Kensington Road, which he should undertake to do in such a manner that it should appear to have been done by highwaymen." Lord Danby, however, considered there was more danger in killing Nottingham than in leaving him alone; he was therefore left unmolested. Lord Macaulay varies the story. He says that Nottingham, when he informed the conspirators that he could go no further with them said his life was fair forfeit, and if they chose to distrust him they might stab him.

"Peterborough L<sup>d</sup> told mee that K. James was offered to have L<sup>d</sup> Marleborough, Grafton, Kirk, killed, but could not resolve it."

Lord Peterborough, as has been said, was a Roman Catholic, and most likely in some of the secrets of the party. The above proposition was probably made when it was discovered that these officers were corresponding with the Prince of Orange. It has been told on various authorities that Lord Marlborough had a design of

seizing the person of James and of carrying him a prisoner to the Prince, and that he had determined if the attempt failed to assassinate him. The latter part of this report rests upon very poor authority, but even if the first part is true it affords a strong motive for the proposition made in the MS.

"Rochester L<sup>d</sup> told me in March 1690 that hee could have a place at Court if he would. Told mee if K. James came back, hee would do just as hee did. K. said Aug. 4. '89. hee would never employ L<sup>d</sup> Rochester. K. said April 4. '89. hee would never agree to spare my L<sup>d</sup> Rochester and to condemne my L<sup>d</sup> Moulgrave."

"Russell L<sup>d</sup> spoke against L<sup>d</sup> Shaftesbury, and said hee would spoyle everything hee had to do with. Told mee once that if C<sup>h</sup> the 2<sup>nd</sup> should dy, there should be 100,000 swords drawn, of which his should be one."

Though united in the popular cause, there was very little in common between Russell and Shaftesbury. Russell was upright, constant, and, for the times in which he lived, of stainless character. Shaftesbury was unscrupulous, fickle, and one of the greatest libertines of the age. "I believe, Shaftesbury," said Charles II. to him, "thou art the wickedest dog in England." "May it please your Majesty," retorted Shaftesbury, "of a subject I believe I am." Nevertheless, both their paths led them to a similar fate—Russell to die on the scaffold, and Shaftesbury to breathe his last as an exile. The latter part of the note seems to refer to King Charles's illness in 1679. Had he died, the succession of James would probably have been disputed. Henry Savile, brother of Lord Halifax, writing to Henry Sidney, says: "The news of our master's illness has so frightened me, that I expect this day's letters with great impatience, as well as with fear and trembling. Good God! what a change would such an incident make. The very thought puts me out of my wits. God bless you, and deliver us all from that damnable curse."

"*Salisbury*, B<sup>r</sup> K. & the B<sup>r</sup> of Salisbury would do more hurt than 20 people could do good. K. said, April 21, '89, hee wished hee knew everybody else as well as hee knew the B<sup>r</sup> of Salisbury. K. said, June 17, '89, the B<sup>r</sup> of Salisbury was dangerous; had no principles."

"*Seymour Sir Edward* to mee blamed the B<sup>r</sup> for refusing to read the declaration; told me L<sup>d</sup> Dartmouth was a shallow monster; that L<sup>d</sup> Rochester was the last of mankind, insolent in prosperity, dejected in adversity; told mee, some time after K. William's coming over, that hee intended to indite half a score Roman Catholics to get their forfeitures."

Sir Edward Seymour was one of the leading members of opposition in King James's parliament, and was one of the first to join the Prince of Orange on his arrival in England. He was, however, far from pure in his public life, as the above note shows. He had been Speaker of the House of Commons, and, according to Burnet, was the first Speaker who had not been bred to the bar. It is said of him that he understood the House of Commons so perfectly, that he could decide the fate of a question from the faces of its members; and that when he was a partizan of the Court, and saw a motion going against it, he would misstate the question, and so delay it, till the party had gathered itself together. Another characteristic story is told by Lord Dartmouth. "When Sir Edward was Speaker, his coach broke at Charing Cross, and he ordered the beadle to stop the next gentleman's they met, and bring it to him. The gentleman in it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach, but Sir Edward told him it was more proper for him to walk in the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons, and left him so to do without any further apology."

"L<sup>d</sup> *Sunderland* came to mee, when L<sup>d</sup> Essex quitted his place in the Treasury, to conjure mee from the K. to take it. L<sup>d</sup> Hide came along with him and joynd in it. Hee told mee, at the same time, if I would take it, hee would be answerable that in three months I should have the White Staffe."

This was in 1679, when the King refused to call a parliament. Essex

retired, and Halifax fell ill partly through vexation. It was rumoured that his illness was the result of disappointment at not being made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Halifax assured Burnet that he had been offered this post, but had refused it. A note in our MS., under the heading of Lord Tircconnell, leads us to doubt this assertion, as Halifax was not sufficiently compliant in regard to the Catholics.

"*Sunderland* L<sup>d</sup> pressed Barillon that the French might march towards Colen (Cologne) when they went to Philipsbourg."

This note proves the treachery of Sunderland to both King James and the Prince of Orange. According to Lord Macaulay, Sunderland attached himself to the Prince about the middle of August, 1688, which was before the King of France turned his troops from Cologne to Philipsburg. Had Sunderland's advice been taken, the frontiers of Holland would have been threatened, and the Dutch expedition probably prevented.

"Mr. — told mee that he knew it next to a demonstration that Father Peters, though it was in some kind irregular, hath been forced to say two masses in a morning, because L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland and L<sup>d</sup> Moulgrave were not to know of one another."

"L<sup>d</sup> *Sunderland* moved K. Charles to put away the Queen and his brother from him, the K. replied to him, My L<sup>d</sup> I am a Rogue in little things, I have my frailties, but I will not bee a Villaine; this the K. told again to the Queen."

Several proposals of a similar kind were made by his courtiers to Charles II. The Duke of Buckingham once had the audacity to suggest that the queen should be kidnapped during a masquerade, and sent to the plantations. The king replied, somewhat in the spirit of the above, that it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers.

"L<sup>d</sup> *Sunderland* said at his table that rather than not gain the majority of the House of L<sup>d</sup>s, if hee was the K. hee would create L<sup>d</sup> Feversham's troop Peers."

This relates to the end of the reign of James II., when the king was attempting to pack a House of Commons, and had determined to violate parliament. Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes to Burnet's history, tells the same story. "The old Earl of Bradford," he writes, "told me he dined in a great deal of company at the Earl of Sunderland's, who declared publicly that they were now sure of their game; for it would be an easy matter to have a House of Commons to their minds, and there was nothing else could resist them. Lord Bradford asked him if they were as sure of the House of Lords, for he believed they would meet with more opposition there than they expected. Lord Sunderland, turning to Lord Churchill who sat next him, and in a very loud voice, cried, 'Oh, Silly, why your troop of guards shall be called to the House of Lords.'" It is curious that Lord Sunderland's son should have been one of the warmest supporters of the celebrated bill of 1719 for restricting the numbers of the peerage. He desired to defend the House of Lords from the scandalous abuse of large creations of peers.

The MS. continues that

"After L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland was turned out, L<sup>d</sup> Dover came to L<sup>(ord)</sup> P<sup>(eterborough)</sup>, and told him though hee had not been well with L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland, yet he must do him a favour, and assured him hee would not offend the King by it, hee must send to his Priest in Northamptonshire to go to Althorp, because my Lady Sunderland would not let him have a chappell. Lady Sund, said her L<sup>d</sup> never was a Papist, but only appeared so, that he might do the better service."

Sunderland became Catholic in the very last moments of the reign of James II. He had for some time been advising the King to make concessions to the people. The King was half inclined to comply, till a false report arrived of the destruction of the

Prince of Orange's fleet. James at once asserted all his old principles, and Sunderland made the only reparation which could save his credit with the King, that of becoming Catholic.

"L. P. told mee the French Embassadour sent him to the Duke of York to perswade him not to declare, and that hee would bring him as good casual's opinions as were to convince his conscience in it. The D. replied the French Embassadour was a Rogue and had no religion, hee forgave my L<sup>d</sup> moving it, because hee knew hee meant well, but charged him never to repeat it."

The Duke was at first desirous to keep his conversion a secret, but was not allowed by the Pope to do so. Having once declared himself a Roman Catholic, he remained firm. In 1682 Charles II. was most anxious that the Duke, then in Scotland, should attend the Episcopalian Church merely for form's sake. The Duke refused, on the grounds that such conduct would not be consistent with his conscience.

Here we shall stop, at all events for the present. A great number of notes have necessarily been omitted, and we are well aware that many people would have preferred that the space devoted to our own remarks should have been occupied with further extracts from the manuscript. But it has not been so much our object to lay the entire manuscript before the public, as to draw attention to its significance and historical value, in the hope that some information may be derived as to its origin and history. With this view we have extracted those passages which seemed most characteristic, and in transcribing them, have adhered to that order in which the writer himself has placed them. In short, we have only tried to enable the reader to form some independent opinion of the authenticity and character of the MS., and if this object has been attained, we shall remain satisfied.

HUGH F. ELLIOT.

## THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.<sup>1</sup>

### II.—THE COLOURS OF PLANTS.

THE colouring of plants is neither so varied nor so complex as that of animals, and its explanation accordingly offers fewer difficulties. The colours of foliage are, comparatively, little varied, and can be traced in almost all cases to a special pigment termed chlorophyll, to which is due the general green colour of leaves; but the recent investigations of Mr. Sorby and others have shown that chlorophyll is not a simple green pigment, but that it really consists of at least seven distinct substances, varying in colour from blue to yellow and orange. These differ in their proportions in the chlorophyll of different plants; they have different chemical reactions; they are differently affected by light; and they give distinct spectra. Mr. Sorby further states that scores of different colouring matters are found in the leaves and flowers of plants, to some of which appropriate names have been given, as erythrophyll which is red, and phaiophyll which is brown; and many of these differ greatly from each other in their chemical composition. These inquiries are at present in their infancy, but as the original term chlorophyll seems scarcely applicable under the present aspect of the subject, it would perhaps

<sup>1</sup> In the first part of this paper I used the term "voluntary sexual-selection" to indicate the theory that many of the ornaments of male animals have been produced by the choice of the females, and to distinguish it from that form of sexual selection which explains the acquisition of weapons peculiar to male animals as due to the selective influence of their combats and struggles for the possession of the females. I find that Mr. Darwin thinks the term "voluntary" not strictly applicable, and I therefore propose to alter it to "conscious" or "perceptive," which seem free from any ambiguity and make not the least difference to my argument.

be better to introduce the analogous word Chromophyll as a general term for the colouring matters of the vegetable kingdom.

Light has a much more decided action on plants than on animals. The green colour of leaves is almost wholly dependent on it; and although some flowers will become fully coloured in the dark, others are decidedly affected by the absence of light, even when the foliage is fully exposed to it. Looking therefore at the numerous coloured substances which are developed in the tissues of plants; the sensitiveness of these pigments to light; the changes they undergo during growth and development; and the facility with which new chemical combinations are effected by the physiological processes of plants as shown by the endless variety in the chemical constitution of vegetable products, we have no difficulty in comprehending the general causes which aid in producing the colours of the vegetable world, or the extreme variability of those colours. We may therefore here confine ourselves to an inquiry into the various uses of colour in the economy of plants; and this will generally enable us to understand how it has become fixed and specialised in the several genera and species of the vegetable kingdom.

In animals, as we have seen, colour is greatly influenced by the need of protection from or of warning to their numerous enemies, and to the necessity for identification and easy recognition. Plants rarely need to be concealed, and obtain protection either by their spines, their hardness, their hairy covering, or their poisonous secretions. A very few cases of what seem to be true protective colouring do, however, exist, the most remarkable being that of the "stone mesembryanthemum," of the Cape of

Good Hope, which in form and colour closely resembles the stones among which it grows; and Dr. Burchell, who first discovered it, believes that the juicy little plant thus generally escapes the notice of cattle and wild herbivorous animals. Mr. J. P. Mansel Weale also noticed that many plants growing in the stony Karoo have their tuberous roots above the soil, and these so perfectly resemble the stones among which they grow that, when not in leaf, it is almost impossible to distinguish them (*Nature*, vol. iii. p. 507). A few cases of what seem to be protective mimicry have also been noted, the most curious being that of three very rare British fungi, found by Mr. Worthington Smith, each in company with common species, which they so closely resembled that only a minute examination could detect the difference. One of the common species is stated in botanical works to be "bitter and nauseous," so that it is not improbable that the rare kind may escape being eaten by being mistaken for an uneatable species though itself palatable. Mr. Mansel Weale also mentions a labiate plant, the *Ajuga ophrydis*, of South Africa, as strikingly resembling an orchid. This may be a means of attracting insects to fertilize the flower in the absence of sufficient nectar or other attraction in the flower itself; and the supposition is rendered more probable by this being the only species of the genus *Ajuga* in South Africa. Many other cases of resemblances between very distinct plants have been noticed—as that of some *Euphorbias* to Cacti; but these very rarely inhabit the same country or locality, and it has not been proved that there is in any of these cases the amount of inter-relation between the species which is the essential feature of the protective "mimicry" that occurs in the animal world.

The different colours exhibited by the foliage of plants, and the changes it undergoes during growth and decay, appear to be due to the general laws already sketched out,

No. 216.—VOL. XXXVI.

and to have little if any relation to the special requirements of each species. But flowers and fruits exhibit definite and well-pronounced tints, often varying from species to species, and more or less clearly related to the habits and functions of the plant. With the few exceptions already pointed out, these may be generally classed as *attractive* colours. The seeds of plants require to be dispersed so as to reach places favourable for germination and growth. Some are very minute, and are carried abroad by the wind, or they are violently expelled and scattered by the bursting of the containing capsules. Others are downy or winged, and are carried long distances by the gentlest breeze. But there is a large class of seeds which cannot be dispersed in either of these ways, and are mostly contained in eatable fruits. These fruits are devoured by birds or beasts, and the hard seeds pass through their stomachs undigested, and, owing probably to the gentle heat and moisture to which they have been subjected, in a condition highly favourable for germination. The dry fruits or capsules containing the first two classes of seeds are rarely, if ever, conspicuously coloured, whereas the eatable fruits almost invariably acquire a bright colour as they ripen, while at the same time they become soft and often full of agreeable juices. Our *red* haws and nips, our *black* elderberries, our *blue* sloes and whortleberries, our *white* mistletoe and snowberry, and our *orange* sea-buckthorn, are examples of the colour-sign of edibility; and in every part of the world the same phenomenon is found. The fruits of large forest-trees, such as the pines, oaks, and beeches, are not coloured, perhaps because their size and abundance render them sufficiently conspicuous, and also because they provide such a quantity of food to such a number of different animals that there is no danger of their being unnoticed.

The colours of flowers serve to render them visible and recognisable

H H

by insects which are attracted by secretions of nectar or pollen. During their visits for the purpose of obtaining these products, insects involuntarily carry the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, and thus effect cross-fertilization, which, as Mr. Darwin was the first to demonstrate, immensely increases the vigour and fertility of the next generation of plants. This discovery has led to the careful examination of great numbers of flowers, and the result has been that the most wonderful and complex arrangements have been found to exist, all having for their object to secure that flowers shall not be self-fertilised perpetually, but that pollen shall be carried, either constantly or occasionally, from the flowers of one plant to those of another. Mr. Darwin himself first worked out the details in orchids, primulas, and some other groups; and hardly less curious phenomena have since been found to occur, even among some of the most regularly-formed flowers. The arrangement, length, and position of all the parts of the flower is now found to have a purpose, and not the least remarkable portion of the phenomenon is the great variety of ways in which the same result is obtained. After the discoveries with regard to orchids, it was to be expected that the irregular, tubular, and spurred flowers should present various curious adaptations for fertilization by insect-agency. But even among the open, cup-shaped, and quite regular flowers, in which it seemed inevitable that the pollen must fall on the stigma, and produce constant self-fertilization, it has been found that this is often prevented by a physiological variation—the anthers constantly emitting their pollen either a little earlier or a little later than the stigmas of the same flower, or of other flowers on the same plant, were in the best state to receive it; and as individual plants in different stations, soils, and aspects, differ somewhat in the time of flowering, the pollen of

one plant would often be conveyed by insects to the stigmas of some other plant in a condition to be fertilized by it. This mode of securing cross-fertilization seems so simple and easy, that we can hardly help wondering why it did not always come into action, and so obviate the necessity for those elaborate, varied, and highly complex contrivances found in perhaps the majority of coloured flowers. The answer to this of course is, that *variation* sometimes occurred most freely in one part of a plant's organization, and sometimes in another, and that the benefit of cross-fertilization was so great that *any* variation that favoured it was preserved, and then formed the starting-point of a whole series of further variations, resulting in those marvellous adaptations for insect fertilization, which have given much of their variety, elegance, and beauty, to the floral world. For details of these adaptations we must refer the reader to the works of Darwin, Lubbock, Herman Müller, and others. We have here only to deal with the part played by colour, and by those floral structures in which colour is most displayed.

The sweet odours of flowers, like their colours, seem often to have been developed as an attraction or guide to insect fertilizers, and the two phenomena are often complementary to each other. Thus, many inconspicuous flowers—like the mignonette and the sweet-violet, can be distinguished by their odours before they attract the eye, and this may often prevent their being passed unnoticed; while very showy flowers, and especially those with variegated or spotted petals, are seldom sweet. White, or very pale flowers, on the other hand, are often excessively sweet, as exemplified by the jasmine and clematis; and many of these are only scented at night, as is strikingly the case with the night-smelling stock, our butterfly orchis (*Habenaria chlorantha*), the greenish-yellow *Daphne pontica*, and many others. These white flowers

are mostly fertilized by night-flying moths, and those which reserve their odours for the evening probably escape the visits of diurnal insects which would consume their nectar without effecting fertilization. The absence of odour in showy flowers and its preponderance among those that are white, may be shown to be a fact by an examination of the lists in Mr. Mongredien's work on hardy trees and shrubs.<sup>1</sup> He gives a list of about one hundred and sixty species with showy flowers, and another list of sixty species with fragrant flowers; but only twenty of these latter are included among the showy species, and these are almost all white flowered. Of the sixty species with fragrant flowers, more than forty are white, and a number of others have greenish, yellowish, or dusky and inconspicuous flowers. The relation of white flowers to nocturnal insects is also well shown by those which, like the evening primroses, only open their large white blossoms after sunset. The red Martagon lily has been observed by Mr. Herman Müller to be fertilized by the humming-bird hawk moth, which flies in the morning and afternoon when the colours of this flower, exposed to the nearly horizontal rays of the sun, glow with brilliancy, and when it also becomes very sweet-scented.

To the same need of conspicuousness the combination of so many individually small flowers into heads and bunches is probably due, producing such broad masses as those of the elder, the gueldre-rose, and most of the Umbellifere, or such elegant bunches as those of the lilac, laburnum, horse-chestnut, and wistaria. In other cases minute flowers are gathered into dense heads, as with *Globularia*, *Jasione*, clover, and all the Composite; and among the latter the outer flowers are often developed into a ray, as in the sunflowers, the daisies, and the asters, forming a starlike compound flower, which is

itself often produced in immense profusion.

The beauty of alpine flowers is almost proverbial. It consists either in the increased size of the individual flowers as compared with the whole plant, in increased intensity of colour, or in the massing of small flowers into dense cushions of bright colour; and it is only in the higher Alps, above the limit of forests and upwards towards the perpetual snow-line that these characteristics are fully exhibited. This effort at conspicuousness under adverse circumstances may be traced to the comparative scarcity of winged insects in the higher regions, and to the necessity for attracting them from a distance. Amid the vast slopes of debris and the huge masses of rock so prevalent in higher mountain regions, patches of intense colour can alone make themselves visible and serve to attract the wandering butterfly from the valleys. Mr. Herman Müller's careful observations have shown, that in the higher Alps bees and most other groups of winged insects are almost wanting, while butterflies are tolerably abundant; and he has discovered, that in a number of cases where a lowland flower is adapted to be fertilized by bees, its alpine ally has had its structure so modified as to be adapted for fertilization only by butterflies.<sup>2</sup> But bees are always (in the temperate zone) far more abundant than butterflies, and this will be another reason why flowers specially adapted to be fertilized by the latter should be rendered unusually conspicuous. We find, accordingly, the yellow primrose of the plains replaced by pink and magenta-coloured alpine species; the straggling wild pinks of the lowlands by the masses of large flowers in such mountain species as *Dianthus alpinus* and *D. glacialis*; the saxifrages of the high Alps with bunches of flowers a foot long, as in *Saxifraga longifolia* and *S. cotyledon*, or forming spreading masses of flowers, as in *S. oppositifolia*; while the soap-

<sup>1</sup> *Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations*, by Augustus Mongredien. Murray, 1870.

<sup>2</sup> *Nature*, vol. xi. pp. 32, 110.

worts, silenes, and louseworts are equally superior to the allied species of the plains.

Again, Dr. Müller has discovered that when there are showy and inconspicuous species in the same genus of plants, there is often a corresponding difference of structure, those with large and showy flowers being quite incapable of self-fertilization, and thus depending for their very existence on the visits of insects; while the others are able to fertilize themselves should insects fail to visit them. We have examples of this difference in *Malva sylvestris*, *Epilobium angustifolium*, *Polygonum bistorta*, and *Geranium pratense*—which have all large or showy flowers and must be fertilized by insects,—as compared with *Malva rotundifolia*, *Epilobium parviflorum*, *Polygonum aviculare*, and *Geranium pusillum*, which have small or inconspicuous flowers, and are so constructed that if insects should not visit them they are able to fertilize themselves.<sup>1</sup>

As supplementing these curious facts showing the relation of colour in flowers to the need of the visits of insects to fertilize them, we have the remarkable, and on any other theory utterly inexplicable circumstance, that in all the numerous cases in which plants are fertilized by the agency of the wind they never have specially coloured floral envelopes. Such are our pines, oaks, poplars, willows, beeches, and hazel; our nettles, grasses, sedges, and many others. In some of these the male flowers are, it is true, conspicuous, as in the catkins of the willows and the hazel, but this arises incidentally from the masses of pollen necessary to secure fertilization, as shown by the entire absence of a corolla or of those coloured bracts which so often add to the beauty and conspicuousness of true flowers.

The adaptation of flowers to be fertilized by insects—often to such an extent that the very existence of the species depends upon it—has had widespread influence on the distribution of plants and the general aspects of vege-

tation. The seeds of a particular species may be carried to another country, may find there a suitable soil and climate, may grow and produce flowers, but if the insect which alone can fertilize it should not inhabit that country, the plant cannot maintain itself, however frequently it may be introduced or however vigorously it may grow. Thus may probably be explained the poverty in flowering-plants and the great preponderance of ferns that distinguishes many oceanic islands, as well as the deficiency of gaily-coloured flowers in others. This branch of the subject is discussed at some length in my Address to the Biological Section of the British Association,<sup>2</sup> but I may here just allude to two of the most striking cases. New Zealand is, in proportion to its total number of flowering plants, exceedingly poor in handsome flowers, and it is correspondingly poor in insects, especially in bees and butterflies, the two groups which so greatly aid in fertilization. In both these aspects it contrasts strongly with Southern Australia and Tasmania in the same latitudes, where there is a profusion of gaily-coloured flowers and an exceedingly rich insect-fauna. The other case is presented by the Galapagos islands, which, though situated on the equator off the west coast of South America, and with a tolerably luxuriant vegetation in the damp mountain zone, yet produce hardly a single conspicuously-coloured flower; and this is correlated with, and no doubt dependent on, an extreme poverty of insect life, not one bee and only a single butterfly having been found there.

Again, there is reason to believe that some portion of the large size and corresponding showiness of tropical flowers is due to their being fertilized by very large insects and even by birds. Tropical sphinx-moths often have their probosces nine or ten inches long, and we find flowers whose tubes or spurs reach about the same length; while the giant bees, and the

<sup>1</sup> *Nature*, vol. ix. p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> See *Nature*, September 6th, 1876.

numerous flower-sucking birds, aid in the fertilization of flowers whose corollas or stamens are proportionately large.

I have now concluded this sketch of the general phenomena of colour in the organic world. I have shown reasons for believing that its presence, in some of its infinitely-varied hues, is more probable than its absence, and that variation of colour is an almost necessary concomitant of variation of structure, of development, and of growth. It has also been shown how colour has been appropriated and modified both in the animal and vegetable world, for the advantage of the species in a great variety of ways, and that there is no need to call in the aid of any other laws than those of organic development and "natural selection" to explain its countless modifications. From the point of view here taken it seems at once improbable and unnecessary that the lower animals should have the same delicate appreciation of the infinite variety and beauty—of the delicate contrasts and subtle harmonies of colour—which are possessed by the more intellectual races of mankind, since even the lower human races do not possess it. All that seems required in the case of animals, is a perception of *distinctness* or *contrast* of colours; and the dislike of so many creatures to scarlet may perhaps be due to the rarity of that colour in nature, and to the glaring contrast it offers to the sober greens and browns which form the general clothing of the earth's surface.

The general view of the subject now given must convince us that, so far from colour being—as it has sometimes been thought to be—unimportant, it is intimately connected with the very existence of a large proportion of the species of the animal and vegetable worlds. The gay colours of the butterfly and of the alpine flower which it unconsciously fertilises while seeking for its secreted honey, are each beneficial to its possessor, and have

been shown to be dependent on the same class of general laws as those which have determined the form, the structure, and the habits of every living thing. The complex laws and unexpected relations which we have seen to be involved in the production of the special colours of flower, bird, and insect, must give them an additional interest for every thoughtful mind; while the knowledge that, in all probability, each style of coloration, and sometimes the smallest details, have a meaning and a use, must add a new charm to the study of nature.

Throughout the preceding discussion we have accepted the subjective phenomena of colour—that is, our perception of varied hues, and the mental emotions excited by them—as ultimate facts needing no explanation. Yet they present certain features well worthy of attention, a brief consideration of which will form a fitting sequel to the present essay.

The perception of colour seems, to the present writer, the most wonderful and the most mysterious of our sensations. Its extreme diversities and exquisite beauties seem out of proportion to the causes that are supposed to have produced them, or the physical needs to which they minister. If we look at pure tints of red, green, blue, and yellow, they appear so absolutely contrasted and unlike each other, that it is almost impossible to believe (what we nevertheless know to be the fact) that the rays of light producing these very distinct sensations differ only in wave-length and rate of vibration; and that there is from one to the other a continuous series and gradation of such vibrating waves. The positive diversity we see in them must then depend upon special adaptations in ourselves; and the question arises—for what purpose have our visual organs and mental perceptions become so highly specialised in this respect? When the sense of sight was first developed in the animal kingdom, we can hardly doubt that

what was perceived was light only, and its more or less complete withdrawal. As the sense became perfected, more delicate gradations of light and shade would be perceived; and there seems no reason why a visual capacity might not have been developed as perfect as our own, or even more so, in respect of light and shade, but entirely insensible to differences of colour, except in so far as these implied a difference in the quantity of light. The world would in that case appear somewhat as we see it in good stereoscopic photographs; and we all know how exquisitely beautiful such pictures are, and how completely they give us all requisite information as to form, surface-texture, solidity, and distance, and even to some extent as to colour; for almost all colours are distinguishable in a photograph by some differences of tint, and it is quite conceivable that visual organs might exist which would differentiate what we term colour by delicate gradations of some one characteristic neutral tint. Now such a capacity of vision would be simple as compared with that which we actually possess; which, besides distinguishing infinite gradations of the *quantity* of light, distinguishes also, by a totally distinct set of sensations, gradations of *quality*, as determined by differences of wave lengths or rate of vibration. At what grade in animal development this new and more complex sense first began to appear we have no means of determining. The fact that the higher vertebrates, and even some insects, distinguish what are to us diversities of colour, by no means proves that their *sensations* of colour bear any resemblance whatever to ours. An insect's capacity to distinguish red from blue or yellow may be (and probably is) due to perceptions of a totally distinct nature, and quite unaccompanied by any of that sense of enjoyment or even of radical distinctness which pure colours excite in us. Mammalia and birds, whose structure and emotions are so similar to our

own, do probably receive somewhat similar impressions of colour; but we have no evidence to show that they experience pleasurable emotions from colour itself when not associated with the satisfaction of their wants or the gratification of their passions.

The primary necessity which led to the development of the sense of colour, was probably the need of distinguishing objects much alike in form and size, but differing in important properties;—such as ripe and unripe, or eatable and poisonous fruits; flowers with honey or without; the sexes of the same or of closely-allied species. In most cases the strongest contrast would be the most useful, especially as the colours of the objects to be distinguished would form but minute spots or points when compared with the broad masses of tint of sky, earth, or foliage against which they would be set. Throughout the long epochs in which the sense of sight was being gradually developed in the higher animals, their visual organs would be mainly subjected to two groups of rays—the green from vegetation, and the blue from the sky. The immense preponderance of these over all other groups of rays would naturally lead the eye to become specially adapted for their perception; and it is quite possible that at first these were the only kinds of light-vibrations which could be perceived at all. When the need for differentiation of colour arose, rays of greater and of smaller wave-lengths would necessarily be made use of to excite the new sensations required; and we can thus understand why green and blue form the central portion of the visible spectrum, and are the colours which are most agreeable to us in large surfaces; while at its two extremities we find yellow, red, and violet, colours which we best appreciate in smaller masses, and when contrasted with the other two or with light neutral tints. We have here probably the foundations of a natural theory of harmonious colouring, derived from the order in which our colour-sensations have

arisen, and the nature of the emotions with which the several tints have been always associated.<sup>1</sup> The agreeable and soothing influence of green light may be in part due to the green rays having little heating power; but this can hardly be the chief cause, for the blue and violet, though they contain less heat, are not generally felt to be so cool and sedative. But when we consider how dependent are all the higher

<sup>1</sup> There is reason to believe that our capacity of distinguishing colours has increased even in historical times. The subject has attracted the attention of German philologists, and I have been furnished by a friend with some notes from a work of the late Lazarus Geiger, entitled, *Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Menschheit* (Stuttgart, 1871). According to this writer it appears that the colour of grass and foliage is never alluded to as a beauty in the Vedas or the Zendavesta, though these productions are continually extolled for other properties. Blue is described by terms denoting sometimes green, sometimes black, showing that it was hardly recognised as a distinct colour. The colour of the sky is never mentioned in the Bible, the Vedas, the Homeric poems, or even in the Koran. The first distinct allusion to it known to Geiger is in an Arabic work of the ninth century. "Hyacinthine locks" are black locks, and Homer calls iron "violet-coloured." Yellow was often confounded with green, but, along with red, it was one of the earliest colours to receive a distinct name. Aristotle names three colours in the rainbow—red, yellow, and green. Two centuries earlier Xenophanes had described the rainbow as purple, reddish, and yellow. The Pythagoreans admitted four primary colours—white, black, red, and yellow; the Chinese the same, with the addition of green. If these statements fairly represent the early condition of colour-sensation they well accord with the view here maintained, that green and blue were first alone perceived, and that the other colours were successively separated from them. These latter would be the first to receive names; hence we find purple, reddish, and yellow, first noticed in the rainbow as the tints to be separated from the widespread blue and green of the visible world which required no distinctive colour-appellation. If the capacity of distinguishing colours has increased in historic times, we may perhaps look upon colour-blindness as a survival of a condition once almost universal; while the fact that it is still so prevalent is in harmony with the view that our present high perception and appreciation of colour is a comparatively recent acquisition, and may be correlated with a general advance in mental activity.

animals on vegetation, and that man himself has been developed in the closest relation to it, we shall find, probably, a sufficient explanation. The green mantle with which the earth is overspread caused this one colour to predominate over all others that meet our sight, and to be almost always associated with the satisfaction of human wants. Where the grass is greenest, and vegetation most abundant and varied, there has man always found his most suitable dwelling-place. In such spots hunger and thirst are unknown, and the choicest productions of nature gratify the appetite and please the eye. In the greatest heats of summer, coolness, shade, and moisture are found in the green forest glades; and we can thus understand how our visual apparatus has become especially adapted to receive pleasurable and soothing sensations from this class of rays.

The preceding considerations enable us to comprehend, both why a perception of difference of colour has become developed in the higher animals, and also why colours require to be presented or combined in varying proportions in order to be agreeable to us. But they hardly seem to afford a sufficient explanation, either of the wonderful contrasts and total unlikeness of the sensations produced in us by the chief primary colours, or of the exquisite charm and pleasure we derive from colour itself, as distinguished from variously coloured objects, in the case of which association of ideas comes into play. It is hardly conceivable that the material uses of colour to animals and to ourselves required such very distinct and powerfully-contrasted sensations; and it is still less conceivable that a sense of delight in colour *per se* should have been necessary for our utilization of it.

The emotions excited by colour and by music, alike, seem to rise above the level of a world developed on purely utilitarian principles.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

## GIBRALTAR: FORTRESS OR COLONY?

For close upon two hundred years Gibraltar has been an English possession, held in the face of sudden assault, protracted siege, and repeated negotiation for diplomatic surrender. Yet the conditions of its tenure have still to be exactly decided; the responsibilities, moral and political, which it imposes on its rulers are unsatisfactorily defined; its general character—fortress or colony—is not a point on which there is any practical unanimity of opinion. Since the English standard first waved over the Rock Gun, these questions, after having been to all appearance settled by the voice of Parliament, and the unmistakable declarations of the national will, have again and again been mooted on some plea of justice, or of policy. The issues of the dispute have been gradually narrowed, and the withdrawal of the British garrison from the rock which guards the Mediterranean, instead of being advocated, as it once was, by each of the great political parties of the state in succession, has become the dream of a few philosophers of humanity. Still, events are at the present moment passing in the history of Gibraltar which remind one that the ancient competition between the military value and the commercial usefulness of the place is not yet ended, and that the degree of obligation entailed on its present lords continues to have its place in the regions of controversy.

Many important questions are suggested by the draft ordinance laid upon the table of the House of Commons last session for establishing a code of customs-regulations at Gibraltar. Does the exceptional geographical relation of an English settlement to a foreign state demand from the English Government certain

commercial restrictions, demonstrably detrimental to the trade of such settlement? The simplest manner of answering that inquiry is to say that considerations of trade can have nothing to do with our occupation of Gibraltar, which is purely a military stronghold. But though this reply has been already actually made in the London press, the fact remains that a considerable, and, as will be seen, a perfectly legitimate trade has sprung up on and around the Rock, and that these commercial excrescences could only be removed by something very like the confiscation of existing interests. As, therefore, the wholesale abolition of the Gibraltar trade appears impracticable, it remains to be seen what can be done in the way of regulation. The subject is one which Parliament will shortly have to settle. All that need be attempted here is to mention certain facts relevant to the point, which will have both novelty and interest for an English public, as well as to indicate, by reference to a few episodes in the chronicles of the Rock, the wider interests with which the problem is charged, and, it may be, the altered guise in which old differences have now reappeared.

Gibraltar had no sooner been proclaimed the property of the English crown, than it became the bone of party contentions, which may be regarded as foreshadowing most of the political differences whose cause it has subsequently been. Sir George Rooke's victory of July 1704—the year of the battle of Blenheim—was admitted at the time to be a glorious one, and was attended, on its announcement, with the customary share of rejoicings. But the seizure of the Rock, and the appropriation of it in the name of England, were condemned by the Whig critics of the period

as in direct contradiction of the laws of political and national morality. Anxious to identify himself with the acquisition of a stronghold whose importance for England he at once recognised, Rooke gave orders that the Imperial banner of Charles III, in whose cause the capture had been effected, should be hauled down, and the Royal standard of England hoisted in its stead. The city was then declared to belong to her most Gracious Majesty Queen Anne, and eighteen hundred English seamen were landed to occupy the place, the acquisition of which immediately became a party question. Rooke's Tory friends lauded the achievement with indiscreet enthusiasm, and compared the victor of Gibraltar and Malaga to the conqueror of Blenheim. The Whigs stigmatised the feat as insignificant in itself, and noticeable only for the dishonesty which had accompanied it. The heroes of Blenheim and Gibraltar became the rival watchwords of the two political parties in the state, and competing addresses reached the sovereign from all parts of the country.

Subsequently to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which it was formally yielded to Great Britain, negotiations for the surrender of Gibraltar to Spain were continued over a long series of years. George I. suggested to the Spanish government, through the medium of the Regent of France, the possibility of the restoration of Gibraltar upon certain conditions, and for five or six years the king was perpetually sending confidential agents to negotiate with the Spanish government on the understanding that a suitable equivalent should be forthcoming. To minimise this equivalent was the object of Spain; indignant outbursts from parliament and the country were the sole comments on the transaction vouchsafed by England.

The siege of Gibraltar—the first since it had been in the hands of the English, the thirteenth in its history—followed, and established the fact that

the fortress was from the land side impregnable. Shortly after peace between Spain and England was concluded, the old negotiations began again. Then, as now, the Spanish government complained that the English occupation of the Rock afforded immunity to smugglers. Then, as now, there were charges of alleged seizures made by Spanish ships, and counter-charges preferred by Spanish officials. The elder Pitt himself, who was at the head of affairs, recognised that the possession of even a stronghold so valuable had its disadvantages; and in a secret despatch, dated August 23, 1751, to the English ambassador at Madrid, Sir Benjamin Keene, authorised him to offer the cession of Gibraltar to Spain, on condition that she would enter into an alliance with England against the French. But the offer came too late, and England was still to be burdened with what Pitt and other statesmen of the day did not hesitate to call an incubus. The national enthusiasm for Gibraltar had greatly diminished; the expenses of the place had risen to a proportionately high figure, and the administration of the local government was notoriously bad. "I grow wary of this place," wrote Tyrawley, the governor of Gibraltar, to Henry Fox, in 1757. "That Gibraltar is the strongest town in the world, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and that London Bridge is one of the seven wonders in the world, are the natural prejudices of an English coffee-house politician. As for Gibraltar, I do not see that we do ourselves much good, or anybody else any hurt, by our being in possession of it." Tyrawley's views no doubt had much weight with Pitt, and the press teemed with attacks by pamphleteers of all political denominations against the corruption and abuses of the government of the Rock.

Even while the famous siege was actually in progress, negotiations between England and Spain for the cession of Gibraltar were renewed.

In 1782 Mr. Banks brought forward a motion in favour of surrender in the House of Commons. He had scarcely sat down when Fox sprang to his feet, and denounced with impassioned eloquence the "pusillanimous proposal." "The fortress of Gibraltar," he said, "was to be reckoned amongst the most valuable possessions of England. It was that which gave us respect in the eyes of nations; it manifested our superiority, and supplied us with the means of obliging them by protection. Give up to Spain the fortress of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean became to them a pool, a pond in which they can navigate at pleasure, and act without control or check." Burke followed in the same vein. "No other post" (and Oran, it may be mentioned, had been suggested as an equivalent) "which the Spaniards could give us, had the same or anything like the same recommendations—as a post of war, a post of power, a post of commerce, and a post which made us valuable to our friends, and formidable to our enemies." A few months afterwards Lord Shelburne again mooted the subject, and a draft treaty on the basis of the cession of the Rock was actually prepared. The Shelburne Cabinet at once fell, and North and Fox came into power on the avowed platform of "No surrender." This was the last of the long series of abortive negotiations. Fox congratulated the country on having finally taken its resolve, and Florida Blanca, the Spanish minister, who himself, and through his agents, had been busily at work, was compelled to confess that there were "national prejudices in England which superseded all other reasonings." The utmost that Spanish valour and diplomacy could do had been accomplished. Spanish armies had been sacrificed, the Spanish exchequer was exhausted. Gibraltar "defended by the English, had answered to the gallant summons to surrender; platonically, with mere torrents of red-hot iron—as if stone Calpe had become a throat of the

Pit, and had uttered such a Doom's blast of a *No* as all men must credit."<sup>1</sup>

Thus far Gibraltar has been viewed as a stronghold, resolutely defended against military assault and diplomatic manœuvre. It remains to be seen whether it possesses any of those aspects and opportunities of civilian commerce, which are essential to a colony. In a society, mainly military, and in a place of which the most stirring associations are military exclusively, it is inevitable that the occupation of the trader should be ignored or misrepresented. The idea of a mercantile society, conducting its operations in a perfectly legitimate manner, and on a scale of considerable importance, is altogether foreign to the ordinary conception of Gibraltar. The visitor to the Rock sees a flotilla of small craft in the bay, and a number of respectably clad persons in the street, who have obviously nothing to do with the garrison. He is led to conclude, from the remarks of his military cicerone, that these represent the smuggling interest. "Scorpions" and smugglers are indeed pretty generally employed as convertible terms, and as for the commerce of Gibraltar, the current notion is that it is composed entirely of the traffic in contraband goods.

The administration of Gibraltar can only be described as an anomaly. The governor is a military man, who is also commander-in-chief of the garrison, but who in his capacity as governor receives no military pay, his salary being derived exclusively from civil sources. Yet that there are civil, in addition to military, duties for the governor to discharge has been traditionally ignored. The first ruler of the Rock to recognise the fact that he had civil as well as military functions was his Excellency Sir George Don, who in 1814 established the Gibraltar police. Sixteen years later the first charter of justice was given to the city

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book II chap. v.

of Gibraltar, a magistracy was established, civil liberty was accorded to its population, and the Rock was emancipated from the reign of purely military law. But the struggle between the two elements—the martial and commercial—was not yet at an end, and indeed may be said only to have come to a head in 1856. The then governor of the Rock, Sir Robert Gardiner, a man of vigour and ability, but who believed that trade and commerce of all kinds should be rooted out, did not disguise his wish to destroy every trace of civil government, and to expel the mercantile community that had grown up under it. He excluded the members of the Exchange Committee from the State entertainments at Government House. Without the sanction of the legislature he issued an ordinance, subsequently revoked, for "prohibiting unlicensed printing." He protested in a long letter to Lord Palmerston that until Gibraltar again became a military fortress only—in other words, until the charter of 1830 was withdrawn—troublesome altercations between England and Spain would continue. The Exchange Committee petitioned the Crown for a Consultative Council, Sir Robert Gardiner declared that such a body could only be "a tribunal of appeal for the propagation of smuggling." Quarantine he condemned as the handmaid of smuggling. He went into an elaborate argument to show that the commercial system of Gibraltar involved a violation of the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht, under which England held the Rock. Finally, he dwelt on the "insignificance of the persons engaged in trade at Gibraltar," consisting in all, according to his account, of "seven British, three Spanish, and four other foreign merchants."

The Gibraltar traders addressed a memorial to her Majesty, in which they repeated at some length Sir Robert Gardiner's allegations, particularly drawing the attention of the Colonial Office to the fact that instead

of the merchants being limited to fourteen individuals, they embraced the representatives of thirty-two British firms, having houses in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, as well as of fifteen Spanish, Italian, German, Danish, and American firms. Her Majesty's Government declined to adopt Sir Robert's suggestions, and Sir Robert Gardiner was himself reprimanded for having exceeded his instructions.

It is undeniable that Great Britain was compelled from the first to recognise the commercial character of her Mediterranean possession. The Order in Council proclaiming Gibraltar a free port for ever, was only issued by Queen Anne's ministers in 1705 under pressure of manifest necessity. The Emperor of Morocco refused to allow the export of the timber, lime, bricks, and other materials required for the fortifications of the place except on the condition that Gibraltar was made a free port as well for the Moors as the Jews. Before 1710 it had become a valuable *entrepot* for the distribution of British manufactures to the Barbary states and to the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean. "Progressively increasing," writes Mr. Montgomery Martin,<sup>1</sup> "Gibraltar became at length the centre of a commerce, which, considering the number of its inhabitants, was perhaps without its equal in the world. An idea of the extent to which it was carried may be judged from the fact that in one year the value of British manufactured goods imported into Gibraltar direct from England, and exclusive of colonial produce, was nearly 3,000,000*l*." The facts and statistics of the present are, however, of more importance than those of the past. Nor is it necessary here to trace the successive stages by which the fortress of Gibraltar attained its existing importance as a commercial station. The number of ocean-going steamers frequenting the port of

<sup>1</sup> *History of the British Colonies*, vol. v. p. 100.

Gibraltar is between two and three thousand a year. At present custom-house regulations and supervision do not exist, and the only expense imposed on ships anchoring in the harbour is represented by the port-dues. Vessels of every calibre and of all nations are free to come and go without inspection or detention. This freedom, coinciding as it has done with the development of steam navigation, has made the port one of regular call for craft arriving from, and bound to, every quarter of the globe—the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, North and South America. The emporium of an extensive commerce, Gibraltar naturally affords employment for a large number of labouring men, and creates a custom for the purveyors of provisions and supplies of every kind. English and colonial manufactures and other merchandise exported from England to Gibraltar are almost entirely conveyed in large steamers *en route* to ports lying to the eastward. Obviously it is of the utmost moment that the transshipment of these goods should be expeditious and inexpensive. "Wool, grain, wax, and other produce from Morocco"—it is stated in a memorial presented to Lord Carnarvon by the members of the Gibraltar deputation which was in London a few months ago—"fruit, wine, oil, and other produce from Spain, are sent to Gibraltar for transshipment to England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, America, ports in the Mediterranean, India, and China. With the exception of India and China this produce is sent without any previous knowledge of the exact vessel which will convey it from Gibraltar, but in reliance upon the fact that vessels for all those places constantly call there." In the case of India and China the enforcement of the restrictions now contemplated must destroy the carrying trade conducted by the mail steamers. The risk of delay, and the heavy penalties which delay entails, will compel these to leave Gibraltar out of their calculations.

There is another sort of traffic which

is now threatened. The ordinance proposed by the Colonial Office, and consisting of seventy-nine clauses, may be briefly described as rendering impossible any movement of merchandise of any description in the port or town of Gibraltar, whether for export or import, without custom-house supervision or intervention. It is said that some of these clauses may be relaxed in favour of large steamers belonging to well-known lines. That, as no provision for it is inserted in the ordinance, will be an affair for the discretion of the custom-house officers, while it is difficult to see how such exceptions can be made without the effect of invalidating the entire scheme. But Gibraltar is a place of retail as well as wholesale trade. The coast of Morocco, Spain, and Portugal is lined with small gardens and farms, whose owners bring or send their produce in ships of slight burden to the population of the Rock, purchasing there with the proceeds of their cargoes little ventures of Gibraltar merchandise. An embargo will virtually be laid on these by the new customs regulations, and the probability, or rather the certainty, is, that they will seek another market, the most likely spot for which is Oran.<sup>1</sup>

That in this latter class of craft a considerable amount of smuggling into Spain is done cannot be denied, the contraband articles imported being not only tobacco but Manchester goods;

<sup>1</sup> "On our side," writes Senor Montero, deputy to the Cortes for the district contiguous to Gibraltar, "it must be stated very distinctly that Gibraltar is for the towns of the neighbouring districts the universal market in which our corn, our garden produce, game, fish, and cotton, are disposed of. . . . It is a centre which maintains numbers of labourers whom the farmer could not pay if he had not a ready and convenient sale for his produce. All these will suffer inevitably from the consequences of any impoverishment of Gibraltar. . . . Spain possesses a numerous body of *carabineros*, and a fleet sufficient to guard her coasts. These are ample for the purpose of preventing smuggling, without requiring that ancient rights should be set at naught, with the additional result of injuring Spanish and English subjects."

for upon both the duties levied by the Spanish Government are so high as to be practically prohibitory. That it is the bounden duty of the English Government to take every precaution for which it can be reasonably held responsible against the surreptitious export of tobacco, &c., from an English fortress, may be readily admitted. But even then it has to be shown that the proposed ordinance satisfies the conditions of the case. Its clauses will certainly prove effectual in preventing Gibraltar being for the future a centre of the smuggling trade. But smuggling into Spain will not be at an end; it is only the basis of operations which will be changed. The causes of the illicit trade in tobacco between English and Spanish territory may be described as the inferior quality of tobacco imported by the Spanish Government, the duty imposed on all privately-imported tobacco, which is so high as practically to create a government monopoly, and the corruption prevailing among the Spanish revenue officials. Twenty-five years ago there were precisely the same inducements to smuggling as at present. Marshal Narvaez took the question up, and during his administration in 1851 and 1852, so completely did the Spanish custom-house officers do their work that the contraband trade was at a stand-still. It is thus clear that if the new ordinance becomes law, England, the champion and representative of Free Trade, will have admitted the responsibility which devolves on her as mistress of Gibraltar of assisting an administration so corrupt and incapable as that of Spain in perpetuating a system of the most rigid protection. The collateral results of the policy will be fatal to much of the legitimate trade of Gibraltar, and largely destructive of the vested commercial interests of the place.

But it may be asked, what is the alternative? If it be granted, as it cannot indeed but be granted, that there are certain reasonable responsibilities which Great Britain should fulfil, and

that all which the Colonial Office can do to terminate the innumerable petty disputes between the commanders of the Spanish Guarda-Costas, and the English officials, shall be done; what other legislation than the ordinance will meet the necessities of the case? Here we may turn with advantage to the suggestions of the Gibraltar merchants themselves. If Her Majesty's Government consider it advisable to adopt precautions for the purpose of avoiding any suspicion of complicity with, or connivance at, the proceedings of smugglers with Spain, the Gibraltar executive would appear to have the remedy in its own hands. There is only one point in Gibraltar at which merchandise can be landed or shipped—a small wharf near the northern extremity of the Rock, whence the only entrance to the town is through the port known as water-port, which is closed at first evening gun-fire. The three other points at which the rock is accessible, are the Ragged Staff, used as a landing place for officers of the army or navy, and civilians who have permits from the governor; the New Mole, where government stores are housed; and, on the east side of the Rock, Catalan Bay, where there is a fishing village and military guard, but where no merchandise of any kind is landed or shipped. It should further be stated that on the north front there are numerous ship-building yards and sheds, a steam factory, stores for cattle, and forage for the supply of the garrison; that in Gibraltar Bay are hulks and storeships, held by traders under licenses granted by the governor. All these of course furnish a considerable amount of cover for contraband articles. Now, as the buildings and gardens on the north front of the Rock are held by special permission from the War Office, it would surely be possible to prohibit the deposit of tobacco in any of these—the penalty for breach of such an order being the withdrawal of the permission. Nor could there be any

difficulty about inserting a clause in every hulk or store-ship license, prohibiting their use as receptacles of tobacco.

There are also certain provisions which, if properly enforced, could scarcely fail to be effective. The port regulations of Gibraltar forbid any boat or small craft moving about the bay after sunset without special permission. This order has become a dead letter, and the consequence is, that, as the Gibraltar memorialists point out, "Spanish boats, including craft engaged in smuggling enterprises, and Spanish revenue cruisers, have for many years been in the habit of traversing British waters unchecked in any direction, and at any hour of the night." If the existing water police of Gibraltar is not sufficient for the purpose of checking this habitual violation of a local law, it should be increased at the expense of the colony. The space to be patrolled is very limited, and as has been already said, there is only one small wharf from which boats can leave the town. It would be possible to supplement these provisions by a new enactment of a very obvious character. If it is thought that when all which has been now suggested was done, there was any danger of ships leaving Gibraltar ostensibly on legal voyages, smuggling tobacco into Spain, it would be perfectly practicable to compel them to take bills of health, these bills being delivered only on the production of a documentary assurance from the consul who represents their nationality, that their papers are in order.

That the "habitual depredators on the Spanish revenue" are not British subjects, but Spaniards, is admitted by Lord Carnarvon, who further declares that one nation cannot be expected to "assist another in the enforcement of its fiscal laws." Unless, therefore, it is demonstrable that the plan now suggested—that of putting the legal machinery which is already available into operation, and at the same time, if necessary, supplementing

it in one or two places—would be inadequate for the discharge of such moral duties as we owe to Spain in consequence of our possession of Gibraltar, it is difficult to see what *prima facie* justification for the new ordinance can be urged. The policy which has been recommended above would amount to loyal co-operation on the part of the English with the Spanish authorities—surely the utmost that in this matter can be morally claimed or expected. The policy initiated by the ordinance will involve a grave injury to the commercial rights and opportunities of British subjects residing at Gibraltar—if not at the dictation of Spain, yet in deference to Spanish feeling, and in consequence of the shortcomings of the Spanish government. The spirit animating so material a concession is closely akin, however different its manifestation, to that which prompted the negotiations for the restitution of the Rock to Spain a hundred years ago. What it is now in reality proposed to do is to establish at Gibraltar a custom-house system, which will not only bring in no revenue to the colony, since no duties are to be levied, but which will involve considerable expense. The chief revenue of Gibraltar consists at present of port charges, and is assessed at about 120,000*l.* a year. These charges will at once be reduced if effect is given to the ordinance. Ships and customers of all kinds will be warned off Gibraltar, trade will dwindle, and property which, if capitalised, would amount to two millions sterling, will be depreciated according to the estimate of the Gibraltar Exchange Committee by one-third. The *Times* suggests that the ordinance may at least have the effect of securing to England the benefits of the "most favoured nation" clause—to which Germany has just been admitted, and under which England is, by the Treaty of Utrecht, entitled to come—in the matter of imposts on goods of British manufacture. But, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* (August 14th) remarks—"If

Engl  
cont  
we h  
men  
Span  
gove  
all t  
natio  
them  
offer  
cessi  
to b  
It  
who  
is n  
able  
mili  
a civ  
this  
by t  
with  
Offic  
now  
wou  
"Br  
rece  
whi  
side  
tion  
gove  
no  
exis  
on t  
tion  
the  
lish  
com  
for  
like  
has  
dec  
its  
its  
que  
leas  
cov  
Spe  
gov  
ske  
min  
rep  
tha

England is under the moral obligation contended for by the Colonial Office, we have no right to make our fulfilment of it a matter of barter with the Spanish government; and if the Spanish government are not bound to give us all the advantages of the most favoured nation, it is scarcely dignified to go to them in a bargain-making spirit, and offer, in consideration of certain concessionary laws, what we have declared to be our duty."

It appears, then, on a review of the whole evidence, that, whether it is or is not in the nature of things desirable for Gibraltar to possess only a military status, the place actually has a civil and commercial existence; that this commercial existence is recognised by the mere fact of the Rock coming within the jurisdiction of the Colonial Office; that the ordinance which is now hanging over Gibraltar commerce would inflict a definite injury on those "British interests" of which we have recently heard so much; and that, while admitting a moral claim—outside the ordinary claims of international law—on the part of the Spanish government, the ordinance would by no means improve the feelings which exist between the British community on the Rock and the Spanish population in the neighbourhood. Further, the precedent which it would establish might be dangerous to English commerce in other parts of the world; for instance, at Hong Kong, which, like Gibraltar, is a free port. If it has been, as seems to be the case, decided that Gibraltar shall preserve its colonial attributes—in other words, its commercial opportunities—the one question to be solved is, how, with the least prejudice to them, we can discover a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with Spain? The alternative plan to the government proposals, which has been sketched here, at least deserves examination.

The custom house officers, on whose report the ordinance is based, admit that they had much trouble in

arriving at an accurate knowledge of the facts of the case. It may be doubted whether most of the difficulties which have been experienced in the government of this dependency, whose character is so strangely mixed, are not the result of misconception and ignorance. To promote a better understanding between the civil inhabitants of Gibraltar and the home government, the former petitioned, for a Consultative Council, without legislative or administrative attributes, in the days of Sir Robert Gardiner. The idea is one for which the advocacy of it by Sir G. C. Lewis, in his treatise *On the Government of Dependencies*, should secure some attention. Amongst the advantages of such a scheme is mentioned the fact that "it would provide an authentic organ through which the local government and the home authorities could easily learn the opinion of the intelligent and proprietary classes of the dependency." The Colonial Office does not appear to be opposed to the formation of such a body in the case of Gibraltar. But there is the arbitrary veto of Mr. Jorkins to be considered in the shape of the alleged resistance of the War Office. A Consultative Council would—such is said to be the opinion of Pall Mall—soon acquire a legislative power, and form a co-ordinate authority with the military governor. As Sir G. C. Lewis remarks, it could only do this "by the sufferance of the governor and the home authorities." Properly regulated it would be an assistance, and not an obstacle, to the authority of the governor, would provide him with information on points on which he is now ignorant, but for which he is responsible, and would do much to complete the fusion between the civil and military elements of the population. That the impending ordinance is an experiment cannot be denied; that it is a necessary experiment has yet to be shown.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.

THE University of Upsala, Sweden, has within the last few days celebrated its fourth centennial anniversary, having been inaugurated on the 21st of September, 1477. Among Scandinavian universities the first in age, it ranks first also as to number of teachers and students. In both respects it compares favourably with its twenty sister institutions in the German empire, inasmuch as out of them only those of Berlin and Leipsic possess greater forces of instructors and learners, and those of Freiburg, Greifswald, Heidelberg, Leipsic, Rostock, and Wurzburg priority of foundation, while the university of Tübingen is a twin of that of Upsala. Even were the universities of Austria, Russia, and Switzerland added to those of the German empire proper, Upsala would be outstripped by Prague and Vienna only in professoriate and scholars, and by them and Basel in age. But whatever inferiority academic education in Sweden exhibits in comparison with the most cultivated State of Europe will be compensated for when we consider the proportion of the whole nation which pursues university studies; for from this point of view Sweden is not only equal to Germany, but even superior, the number of its academical teachers being relatively somewhat greater than those in Germany, while that of students is as 1 in 2,175 instead of 1 in 2,580. So far the position of Upsala rests on obvious historical and statistical facts. But as an institution of learning it cannot be judged by such material standards. No doubt, more scientists than Linné and Berzelius have lived within its precincts between Messenius and Rudbeck in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, and Upström, Ångström, and Theorell, who but recently have gone to rest. But even were such

enumeration a fair proof of its comparative merits, it would little befitt one of its own *alumni*, whose duty is rather to give a picture of the present status of his *alma mater*, leaving to others to pronounce upon it an impartial judgment. Anyhow, the writer ventures to assert that Upsala has contributed a fair share to scientific researches, and much more than a fair share to popular education. It is a noteworthy fact, that as early as the reign of Charles XI.—a contemporary of the English revolution—the most part of Swedish men and women could read print; and statistics show that at the present time even of criminals of all ages only three per cent—probably mostly minors—are totally without school training. In addition, a fact worth mentioning is that Sweden does not possess any “governing class,” but that the people itself, by elected assemblies or chosen deputies, manages its own affairs within the local communities as well as the State at large. The Swedish Diet, though elected mainly from the rural population, challenges other legislatures as regards its discreet and patriotic management of all that relates to the promotion or diffusion of science and culture. The part that Upsala University has undeniably played in educating the whole nation may, assuredly, outweigh some dozens of scholars of world-wide celebrity.

Before entering on his description—in which the writer has to beg the indulgence granted to one who is using a foreign tongue—it will not be unbecoming for an English reader to be told that the essential features of this university are, first, that it is an institution for knowledge, and, secondly, that it is national. It searches after truth in all its forms, regardless of utilitarian application;

and leaving the technical and practical to other institutions, contents itself with the theoretical. Even in the professions themselves practice only so far falls within the university course, as the subject taught is a matter of empiricism instead of one of pure science, but yet the practical men in all the professions receive their necessary scientific outfit there. On the other hand, it has but little to do with discipline and education proper, and does but indirectly train useful and honourable members of "society." In no sense is it a tryst, where the select youths of the nation meet with a view less to study than to form connections, or to spend comfortably some years of leisure-life. If there be such they are rare exceptions, the great bulk of the students devoting themselves earnestly to books and lectures. In its pursuits after knowledge the university is entirely free both in teaching and learning. No compulsory drill by recitation of set text-books takes place, nor do the professors waste time either in marking the students down or up, according to daily shown proficiency, or in watching their egress and ingress in duly licensed lodgings or university buildings. The teachers within their respective spheres are at liberty to teach what they choose and how they choose, being responsible only for their own work, but not for that of their disciples.

But, besides this, the University of Upsala is a national institution in the widest and truest sense of the term. No class in the community is excluded from participation in its benefits, but throwing its gates open to all, it receives the sons and daughters of the poorest and humblest farmer or artisan with the same impartiality and affection as those of the wealthiest banker or the proudest nobleman, and, save in divinity and law, women are exactly on the same footing as men. Meddling in no private affairs of the students, either as regards lodgings or dress, the university leaves them free to live at the

cheapest possible rate. All the public instruction is wholly gratuitous, and sufficient to all the students who avail themselves of it and work in earnest. Books and scientific appliances are also free, and at the disposal of the students. No "idle" Fellows—the English institution of Fellowships is totally unknown in Scandinavia—drain the financial resources; but whatever means for the promotion of learning the university owns is bestowed upon the most prominent of its pupils, with preference to those of straitened means, where merits are equal. Consequently, it affords all students an equal chance of first-rate education at the lowest price, and thus has raised many a man who, from the lowliest home, has ascended to the highest places in the State or Church. This accounts for the devotion with which all classes—mechanic, farmer, and tradesman no less than clergyman and nobleman—are attached to their institutions of learning, and prone to grant to them all pecuniary assistance at their command.

Upsala University was founded in the year 1477, by Sten Sture the Elder, then Regent of Sweden, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Upsala, and the consent of Pope Sixtus IV. Its first privileges were modelled after those of Bologna and Paris. In fact, it was rather an enlarged cathedral school, and continued for nearly 150 years to be a university in name more than in reality. For some time it was even totally supplanted by a Jesuit College at Stockholm. Its slow and precarious growth is closely connected with the disturbed circumstances of the whole State, internal and external, religious and political. The university first exercised the power of conferring degrees in the year 1600, and was first placed on a firm basis by Gustavus Adolphus (1611–32), who endowed it with his own library and estates, and furnished it with professors worthy of the name. From the time of Gustavus Adolphus, who may thus rightly be styled its second founder, Upsala University has

been in progress up to our own time, when it has gained the position we have already claimed for it.

The government and instruction of the University are chiefly regulated by academical statutes, the enactment of which is vested in the king. The existing statutes, which followed upon those of 1852, were issued January 10, 1876. The governing body consists of a chancellor, pro-chancellor, rector, consistorium majus, consistorium minus, and treasury board. The chancellor is elected by the larger consistory, on approval of the king, and is charged with the general concern of the academic erudition, discipline, and finances. The Archbishop of Sweden is *ex officio* pro-chancellor. The larger consistory is composed of all the ordinary professors, and the smaller one of the pro-rector and five fellows, one from each of the three first faculties, and one from each section of the faculty of arts, all five elected every third year by consistorium majus from amongst the ordinary professors. Of both consistories the academical librarian and treasurer are additional members; the rector presides over both, and the pro-chancellor is in all cases entitled to a seat. The rector is appointed for two years by consistorium majus out of the professors of two years' standing. As actual head of the university, he exercises control over all academical matters and persons, especially the disciplinary superintendence of the students. Matters relating to the financial state of the university are committed to the treasury board, composed of the treasurer and three ordinary teachers, elected once in three years by the larger consistory. Special university departments are carried on by bodies of their own—such as the chancery or secretariate, the university library, &c.

There are four Faculties—Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Arts. Each Faculty consists of its own professors, under the presidency of a dean, which office is held yearly by the members in rotation. The staff of teachers includes

professors, ordinary and extraordinary, adjuncts and docents, with training-masters in music, drawing, gymnastics, and horsemanship. Professors are nominated by the king, and adjuncts and training masters by the chancellor, while docents are appointed by the chancellor. In these appointments the sole principle prevailing is that of scientific proficiency.

Candidates for a professorship must submit a dissertation and two lectures, all bearing on subjects pertaining to the vacant chair. The dissertation may be either in Latin, Swedish, French, German, English, or Italian; but the lectures must be delivered in the mother tongue, one of them on a subject chosen by the candidate, the other on one selected from amongst several presented by the faculty or section. Judgments on the candidates having been given by both consistories, the pro-chancellor and the chancellor, all the documents concerned are remitted to the king. The nomination of adjuncts is subject to the same requirements as that of professors, though resting ultimately with the chancellor.

With each chair, one or more docentships are connected. These appointments depend on the chancellor. As a matter of fact, the granting of *venia docendi* often follows a doctor's degree. Where the two do not coincide, the doctor qualifies himself by other treatises or publications, and pursues special studies for one or two years subsequent to taking his degree. In no stage are tutorial—as understood at English or American universities—or disciplinary powers in the candidates taken into consideration, nor do any general principles affect the final result.

On the whole, therefore, academical appointments at Upsala remind us closely of those at German universities, one difference being that the "disputations" at the latter are, more or less, a mere ceremony, whereas with us they are of the highest consequence, because the issue depends as much on

the defence as on the gist of the dissertation. Again, competition in German universities will, no doubt, on the score of their great number, be keener than at Upsala, which, although it to some extent furnishes Lund with professors, supplies its own educational staff from among former graduates. The emulation from without comes rather from the secondary schools, since they are largely officered by younger university teachers, who sometimes compete for professorial dignities. For this reason, and by virtue of its numerous pupils, Upsala will scarcely lack meet instructorial resources.

With but few exceptions all chairs are state; those created by private munificence are filled in accordance with the particular provision of the founder. As to docents, the chancellor is empowered to withdraw *venia docendi* on the requisition of a faculty or section and consistorium majus, whereas professors and adjuncts hold office during good behaviour. Training masters receive their position from the chancellor, on recommendation of the larger consistory.

The main subjects of university instruction are:—In Divinity—theological cyclopedia, exegetical, systematical, historical, and practical theology. In Law—judicial cyclopedia, Roman law, international and constitutional law, political economy, history of law, and the system of Swedish law in all its branches. In Medicine—anatomy, physiology, medical chemistry and pharmacology, pathology and pathological anatomy, practice of medicine, surgery, and ophthalmics, obstetrics and gynaecology, medical jurisprudence, and state medicine, and the history of medicine. In the humanistic section of the Faculty of Arts—theoretical and practical philosophy, history, and statistics (*Staatswissenschaft*), classical oriental and modern European philology and aesthetics. And in the Mathematical-natural scientific section of the faculty—mathematics, astronomy, physics, mechanics,

chemistry, mineralogy, geology, botany, and zoology.

Prior to the opening of each term all the instructors of the same faculty or section meet for the purpose of drawing up a general programme, to be submitted to the consistorium minus and published as a special university catalogue.

The academical year is divided into two terms—an autumn term, from September 1st to December 15th, and a spring term, from January 15th to June 1st. The first and last fortnights of each term are devoted to examinations and other academical occupations, to the exclusion of public lectures. One week at Easter and another at Whitsuntide are also exempted from public deliveries. The vacations may be utilised by the students for academic study; and, as a matter of fact, persons desirous of accelerating their university course stay throughout the whole year, some with a view of getting special assistance from the younger teachers. All official teaching is communicated in the form of lectures, delivered in the rooms or halls of the university. The discourses of professors are given on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and those of adjuncts on Wednesdays and Saturdays; the docents read at their own discretion. The delivery occupies an hour, deducting "the academic quarter," as a necessary interval for assembling. All official lectures are gratuitous. No fees whatever are paid for public university tuition, and a student can in this respect pass his whole curriculum for nothing. But no legal obligation is imposed upon him to attend, and he accordingly does so at his own choice and convenience. He has, of course, to give his name to the "reader," but the attendances are not recorded as in England, nor verified in any "Anmeldungsbuch" of his own as in Germany. Neither do they convey any particular benefit as regards tests to be passed, because the examiners take no notice of attend-

ance, but merely of proficiency in the candidates. The lecturer therefore reads merely to students who are anxious to hear him, and who attend with a view to learn and improve themselves. The lectures are open to female and male scholars alike, and even to non-academic citizens. As a matter of fact outsiders, often ladies, are also present, when the matter explained is of a kind to interest them. Whenever the theme itself involves it, the instruction exhibits an elementary character, as in starting Arabic, Sanscrit, astronomy, geology, and other topics not taught in the "intermediate" schools. But the number of subjects falling within the scope of those schools is pretty extensive, and the standard reached in them before matriculation such that the student is prepared to enter directly upon his academic career. In Sweden primary education is compulsory *on all*. On the primary schools follow the "higher elementary" or secondary ones, which I would gladly describe at length if my space permitted. Those, however, who wish for such information will find it in a paper on "Education in Sweden," in the *International Review*, of New York.

To return to the university, the lecturer "reads" either from manuscript or extempore, and the lecture is supplemented by scientific exercises, in which ordinary teachers are bound to give their assistance gratuitously. Furthermore, all instructors are legally obliged to aid the students by private teaching, to be paid for on the part of the receiver, and carried on in the form either of lessons or lectures. The payment amounts to two or three Swedish crowns (18 crowns = 1*l.*) an hour, for each party to a private lecture course or "collegium," commonly occupying as much time as the public one of a professor—say 20 crowns per term. The attendance at a lecture, private or public, will vary from half a dozen to hundreds. Neither for instruction nor examinations are text-books prescribed, but

the student uses whatever works he pleases, and prepares himself for whatever part of his subject, and to whatever degree of proficiency he judges most convenient. Informing the examiner that he has devoted closer attention to some subject, or portion of a subject, with a view of receiving a higher mark, the demand on the part of the teacher will be raised accordingly. However, in practice the student usually consults the teacher as to the choice of books.

With few exceptions the students conclude their academic pursuits by an examination, the time of passing which depends upon themselves, since no judicial or customary prescriptions for that end are in force. The average age of the examined is scarcely to be ascertained, for while a doctorate or even a docentship may be obtained at twenty-three, there may be undergraduates who are mature and even aged men. In fact, the university does not prevent any one remaining a student at Upsala the whole of his life, if he prefers it.

Turning to examinations and degrees, there are at the disposal of the faculties of Arts, Medicine and Law, the grades of candidate, licentiate, and doctor, and in Divinity those of candidate and licentiate. The degree of doctor in divinity, though it can be obtained by dint of academic studies, is, as a rule, granted by the king. Female students are admitted to all examinations except divinity and law. To obtain a doctorate in philosophy, the candidate has to translate from Swedish into Latin, as a *conditio sine qua non*, and to undergo the "candidate-examination" in theoretical philosophy, history, Latin, and Scandinavian or Northern languages. In connection with either mathematics or some one subject of natural science, and in addition to the obligatory subjects, a candidate may take up extra subjects within the entire province of the faculty. The examination is partly in writing and partly oral, and the candidate must satisfy the examiners

in each one of the obligatory subjects, and obtain not less than eight merit units in all.

The examination for licentiate in Philosophy includes a good many subjects, arranged under seven "schools," of which the candidate may select but one, or even some portion only of one. Whatever division he chooses, he must satisfy the examiners in two subjects as necessary, and an additional one as optional. As to the mode of testing the candidate, the only difference between this and that just spoken of is that he has to compose a scientific treatise on some subject approved by the professor. The examinee fails unless he receives "approbation" for the dissertation, as well as for all the subjects of the oral examination, with at least five merit units in the latter.

Students have to undergo a preliminary examination before starting on the professional university curriculum. A medical student becomes a candidate in Medicine by proficiency in anatomy, physiology, medical chemistry, pharmacology, general pathology, and the history of medicine; and so on for the licentiate. Before admission to such examination, the student must produce certificates of his having passed the prescribed exercises in the laboratory and clinics, or attended to practical medicine, either with special charge of patients in a hospital, or privately, or is able to superintend an apothecary's shop. In the faculties of law and divinity the degrees of candidate and licentiate are given on duly passed examinations; that for a candidate covering all the subjects which belong to the respective faculty, and that for a licentiate evincing a thorough acquaintance with them, as well as a certain range of practical experience in both. It may be added, that the doctor's degree, in all faculties, excepting that of Divinity, is bestowed on a dissertation as the ultimate requirement. The dissertation is to be composed, printed, and defended publicly by the author,

and the judgment of the faculty or section on it bears upon the defence as well as the contents. For the disputation, the faculty appoints an "opponent," whilst two others are selected by the "respondent" himself; but any one present may take part in the debate. Of the antagonists, the "third opponent" comes off not so badly, if he be clever in joking upon the publication, and thus amuse the audience; but the other two, in particular the "faculty opponent," have to assail in earnest, and thus not only afford the author the best opportunity of showing his ability, but also procure reputation for themselves. The disputation is therefore of great moment. It is attended by the dean or professors, who have to pass sentence; and the former may cause the contest to cease after four hours. Degrees in Law and Medicine are commonly conferred in an informal manner at the close of spring term, whereas those in Arts take place every third year, accompanied by showy festivities. As far as the doctoral degree in Arts is concerned, this festival, to borrow from another essay of the writer's, may be said to commence on the day when the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the successful candidates meet for the sake of twining the ornamental wreath from the Linnaean laurel. The following night is signalised by serenades by the graduates and their friends, while the celebration proper on the following day is ushered in by the firing of cannon at the royal castle, and centres in the Parnassus, a large platform in the cathedral, capable of holding all those immediately interested. There the recent graduates, the jubilee doctors, and the graduates of fifty years' standing, are solemnly invested with the ring and laurel crown, amid firing of guns, pealing of bells, organ-music, and all the usual necessary features of such occasions. These are followed by a dinner in the greenhouse of the botanical garden, and concluded by a ball in the large hall of the "*Carolina Rediviva*."

In the means of acquiring literary and scientific knowledge the university is pretty rich, though in antiquities and objects of art it is still somewhat defective. In addition to a library of 180,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts, it possesses numerous scientific collections, laboratories, clinics, a botanical garden, an observatory, &c., all in charge of professors and staff; as well as gymnasium, orchestra, drawing and reading rooms, and so forth. Apart from the university library, the "student corps" and each "nation" has a library of its own. Academic jurisdiction extends to a circuit of six miles round Upsala, and concerns merely such acts as involve the relation of the students to the university, common, civil, and criminal suits falling under the cognisance of the ordinary law courts. The punishment inflicted may be either simply a reproof and warning, rustication, or expulsion and loss of "stipend," *i.e.* scholarship. Additional penalties may be inflicted when a student is found guilty of any crime by a common court. And on the other hand, the rector is entitled to assist students involved in criminal charges by procuring them professional counsel. Such interference is, however, very rare; and, owing to the peculiar constitution of the university, the students have the right, as well as the power, to maintain order amongst themselves.

The agencies by which this is done are the corporations or "nations" into which all of the students are divided. Having entered the university, the students, whether male or female, are under obligation to join one of the "nations" at their own option; but any "nation" may exclude those whom it deems unworthy of entrance, and the excluded have to submit to special surveillance ordered by the rector. Furthermore, no academical testimonial will be issued to any student, unless the opinion of his or her nation has been first ascertained. In this way the

nations, *i.e.* the students themselves, exercise a legal and moral restraint over their members, the more beneficial and effective as it springs from independent action and conscious responsibility.

Besides furthering diligence, morality, and good order, the object of these bodies is to afford the students means of mutual assistance, by libraries, disputations, lectures, testimonials, loans, recommendation to, or granting of, "stipends," musical and theatrical entertainments, and the like. Each nation has a house of its own, with reading-room and library, drawing-room, assembly-room, offices, &c. These corporations unquestionably exercise a most advantageous influence on the university life, the more so as the teachers also are members of them, the result of which is to encourage a more familiar and personal intercourse between them and their pupils. A "Nation" is made up of honorary and non-honorary members, the latter consisting of resident undergraduates or graduates, the former chiefly elected from the teachers. Honorary members do not interfere in the affairs of the society, even when entitled so to do, and their principal duties consist in attending feasts to which it may invite them. The non-honorary or active members are divided into seniors, juniors, and recentiors. Recentiors—slightly resembling the German "foxes,"—are freshmen who have served their apprenticeship, and after two or more terms, are promoted to the rank of juniors. Out of these the seniors are chosen in a certain proportion to the whole of the nation, so as to form the very *élite* of it in character, knowledge, industry, and experience. The management of the affairs of a nation is intrusted to various boards; but matters of importance are transacted by the whole nation, presided over by its "curator." The boards and officers are elected by and out of the nation, commonly once a year, and the curator from amongst younger academical teachers.

The general superintendence is vested in an inspector, chosen by the nation from the ordinary professors, and approved of by consistorium minus. Admission to, and membership of, a nation, is subject to a payment, averaging in each case fifteen crowns a term. In fine, it may be stated that all the business of the nation is regulated by statutes made by itself on sanction of consistorium minus. There are in all thirteen nations, one representing Stockholm, and the others the different dioceses and provinces of the country, the number of members in each varying from twenty-two to two hundred and three.

The nations together form the "student corps" which, again, has authorities and business of its own. The general charge of the corps is lodged in a chairman—nominated by all the students, commonly out of the province of younger university teachers,—and a directory elected by the nations from amongst themselves in proportion to the number of their members. The departments are superintended by special officers or committees, all chosen by and from the student corps itself. Like each nation, the student corps has a flag or standard of its own, to be used on public occasions.

In the autumn term, 1876, there were at Upsala:—

	Theology.	Law.	Medicine.	Philosophy.	Total.
Professors.	4	5	7	17	33
Adjuncts .	3	1	5	13	22
Docents .	1	2	3	45	51
Total .	8	8	15	75	106
Students .	361	142	172	776	1,451

There were also four training masters, and six academical chairs were vacant. The number of students given above is somewhat lower than the average of previous years.

The financial position of the university, though trifling as compared with that of Oxford or Cambridge, is rich for so poor a country as Sweden. In the year 1872 the total income amounted to 1,758,286 crowns

(97,682*l.*), a great part of which was derived from donations—200,000, for instance, from estates granted by Gustavus Adolphus. Of the expenses a good deal is due to salaries, those of a professor being 6,000, and of an adjunct from 2,400 to 3,000 crowns per annum. In the faculty of divinity the teachers derive their payment from prebends or pastorships. Having completed their sixty-fifth year, both professors and adjuncts are entitled to pensions, amounting in the former case to 4,500, and in the latter to 2,500 crowns. Docents have no salaries, but receive their income partly by stipends—of 750 or 1,000 crowns a year—and partly from fees for private instruction. There are about 550 scholarships or stipends given either by the university, other authorities, or the student unions. They are founded principally by endowments of private charity for support of students, or for encouragement of scientific travels. In the latter case they vary from hundreds to thousands of crowns, and in the former from under one hundred to several hundreds. They are bestowed on various conditions, amongst which industry, morality, and the poverty of the receiver preponderate. During his tenure of the scholarship the student is subjected to the control of a special inspector, generally a professor, appointed in conformity with the regulations of the testator.

If we look on the university life as such, it has in times past not been wanting in peculiarities and eccentricities, as the following account of a "deposition" or initiation of freshmen in 1716 will convince the reader. "The master of ceremonies or 'depositor,' " so the description runs, "made the freshmen put on garments of various materials and colours. Their faces were blackened, the brims of their hats bent down, and long ears and horns fastened to them, long pigs' tusks put into the corners of their mouths, which they were compelled to keep there, like pipes, under penalty of being caned. Their shoulders were

covered with long black cloaks. In this garb, more horrid and ridiculous than that in which the victims of the Inquisition were led to the stake, the 'depositor' drove them with a stick from the 'room of deposition,' like a drove of cattle, into the auditory. There he arranged them in a circle round himself, made faces and outrageous courtesies to them, ridiculed their odd attire, and finally addressed them in a serious harangue. He spoke of the vices and follies of youth, and urged the necessity of their being reformed, chastened, and polished by study. He then propounded several questions to them; but the tucks in their mouths prevented them from speaking distinctly, so that their utterances rather resembled the grunting of swine. Consequently, the depositor addressed them as such, struck them lightly on their shoulders with his cane, and reproached them. Their teeth, said he, indicated intemperance in eating and drinking, on account of which young people are apt to have their intellects clouded. Then he pulled a pair of wooden tongs out of a bag, and choked and shook them until the teeth dropped out. He then continued by saying that if they were docile and diligent, they would lose their inclination for intemperance and gluttony just as they had lost their tusks. Then he tore the long ears from their hats to intimate that they would have to study diligently in order not to resemble jackasses. He then took the horns from them as a symbol of brutal coarseness, and at last took a plane from his bag. Every freshman had to lie down, first on his stomach, then on his back and both his sides, and in each of these positions he planed their whole body, saying that literature and art would polish their minds in a similar way. After various other ludicrous ceremonies, he filled a large vessel with water, which he poured over the freshmen's heads, afterwards roughly wiping them down with a coarse rag. To conclude the farce, he admonished the company

whom he had polished, washed, and brushed, to enter upon a new life, to contend against wicked institutions, and to give up bad habits, which were apt to disfigure their mind, not less than the various parts of their disguise had disfigured their bodies."

In our own time the student life, though not without its peculiarities, will not compare with that of old, perhaps not even with that of German, English, or American students. At least we search in vain at Upsala for an academic youth who, like his German contemporary, bears in his face the marks of many a hard-fought duel; or whose soul is, like that of an American, occupied by dark, fanciful ceremonies; neither do we meet with a single one who has carried from the cricket-field or the boat-race the envied prize of an athletic triumph so valued at Oxford and Cambridge.

As to dress, too, there is little or nothing about an Upsala student to distinguish him from a non-academic youth of his own social position. His confrater at Oxford and Cambridge, for instance, is immediately recognisable from the outside world by a mediæval, monastic attire which gives him the semblance of a man in holy orders. Visiting Cambridge, I was at first struck at the sight of the quaint cap and gown or surplice, thinking "how many good-looking candidates for the Church there are here." A German student differs from his countrymen—at least when belonging to a "corps" or "union." If he be a "Bursch," he will exhibit a cloven nose or lip—perhaps both—or some other scratch or scar on his face, indicating him as one of the leading spirits among the students of his *alma mater*. He commonly wears a coloured head-covering, and a ribbon to match surrounding his breast; and as a "chargirter," or in "wichs" (complete student rig), has "kanonnen" (bluchers) and spurs; tight white leather breeches, "peckescho" (black embroidered velvet jacket), "paradeschläger" (dress-sword), large

leather gloves, ribbon, and either "cerevis" or "barret"—the one an embroidered velvet cap scarcely big enough to cover an infant's head, the other a velvet head-gear, provided with an embroidered roll or lap, with a buckle and two plumes on the left side. Compared with English and German students, the Upsalians, consequently, make but a poor show, for in winter they are dressed like other mortals, and only in summer time don a cap of a somewhat academical peculiarity. This head-dress of velvet, with the top white, the brim black, and a blue and yellow badge in front, not unfitly marks out the wearers as the chosen sons of Apollo.

With reference to the teachers, the only apparent distinction between them and other gentlemen is a dress coat, with a velvet collar on which is embroidered two lyres and a laurel wreath, to be worn on academic and other solemn occasions.

As the students thus usually resemble the "Philistines" in apparel and outer appearance, they can also socially mingle with them, though no doubt choosing rather to join company amongst themselves, and more specially so within the same "nation." Their peculiar transactions and habits of life, such as they are, will be found in the gatherings of the students as "corps" and "nations." In the former capacity they meet for business in some large hall of the university buildings, under the presidency of the chairman or speaker of the "corps," and with a right in every student of participating actively in what is carried on; or they sit as the "student directory," for the preparatory consideration of questions to be determined upon by the assembly at large. When in "directory" the meeting is made up of some thirty to fifty of the most influential, experienced, and conservative students; in the "corps" of some hundreds or perhaps a thousand; the decisions thus depending upon the pure de-

mocracy. In both large and small assemblies the business is carried on in the most commendable way, and the debates may often serve as models in regard both to substance and form. The "student corps," preceded by a flag of its own and the colours of the different nations, takes the lead in celebrating the patriotic and religious anniversaries of Swedish history, such as the union between Sweden and Norway (Nov. 4th), the accession of Gustavus Vasa (June 6th), the death of Charles XII. (Nov. 30th), and of Gustavus Adolphus (Nov. 6th). It also celebrates, at the beginning of the spring term, the "Knutfest," as a general memorial day in honour of the "fathers," and of any Scandinavian celebrities who may have died during the previous year.

The gatherings of a "nation" are of a twofold character: either for business, or for enjoying life. In the former the "curator" presides over the whole of the nation, and every member is obliged to attend under pain of a fine, unless prevented from doing so by reasons to be approved of by the president. A general attendance is ensured also by the fact that the matters transacted concern individuals more directly than those debated in the corps meetings. The whole of the students form, so to speak, a "United States" on a small scale, a democratic federative republic, where the "corps" authorities and affairs are the exceptions, and the "national" ones the rule. A "nation," therefore, not only manages the affairs kindred to those of the student corps, but elects officers, enacts rules and regulations, decides upon the budget of the body—perhaps on the reparation of its "parliament house," or on the building of a new one, on the purchase of books and newspapers, and so forth; and will often have to give testimonials of study and character, to grant loans, stipends, and the like. Untimely or hasty decisions are the less to be feared, as the votes, with hardly an exception, are graded—as, for instance, three in a

senior, two in a junior, and one in a rector. The debates may be prolonged during whole sessions. In each nation there are, naturally, both friends of "the old, good, and experienced," and "radicals," who look "the new" straightforward in the face without fear and anxiety. As far as my own experience reaches, the "national" meetings distinguish themselves for high parliamentary manners and mature determinations, and form a practical school for training the students in judicious, business-like transactions, in praise of which too much can hardly be said. The decisions, once taken—are faithfully acted upon by the whole corporation, without fear of "reaction" or *coup d'état*. In the same way, scientific meetings, either of a nation or of particular academic societies, carry on their business, the students endeavouring earnestly, by disputations and deliveries, to draw attention to, or solve questions pertaining to, various branches of learning. But such earnestness expires with the term; and, just as Mr. Toots, at the end of the half, "threw off his allegiance and put on his ring, and happening to mention the Doctor in casual conversation shortly afterwards, spoke of him as 'Blimber,'" so, half an hour after the close of the parliamentary or scientific session, the circumspect philosopher, or conscientious censor, or grave legislator, will turn out to be a gay, heedless freshman, enjoying himself at a glass of "Swedish punch," accompanied by cheerful laugh, song, music, theatricals, dancing, and other amusements.

All the different kinds of merry student amusements centre in the "student-sæxa" and its appurtenances. Of course, this can vary indefinitely as to number of partakers and breadth of arrangements, but the more characteristic features are not difficult to trace. The battlefield of fun is generally the senatorial-philosophical hall just mentioned, now transformed into an

abode for Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses. But sometimes the festival is of a general character, when the honorary members, students, and other outside persons are invited as guests of the nation, or of its individual members, and when only a part of the festivity is played off in the nation-house, and the other part, usually the "sæxa" proper, in a restaurant of larger dimensions.

The following narratives of the first festival of my own nation, at which I, as a new-fledged freshman, was a party on entering the university in 1859, and of the last general student one, before I left Sweden in 1874, will give the reader some idea of Upsala students' revelries in their more extravagant and frolicsome manner.

About midday, on a wintry February day in 1859, my comrades and I left the nation's house in sledges to be carried to Old Upsala. Deep snow covers the frozen ground, a boreal chill pervades the air, and but a feeble sun throws some pale beams on the jolly companions. On such a day it was but a natural precaution to have tasted some drops of the academic "nectar" before we started, and even to have a provision of it for our journey. This was not without adventures. For on account either of the runaway habits of our spirited steeds, or because the drivers understand less how to manage them than the punch-glasses, we have pushed on not so very far ere the sledge upsets and some of the company are rolling in the snow. At length, however, all—ladies and gentlemen, runaway and steady—reach the goal, and burdened with old Northern mead in mighty silver-plated horns, presented by former Swedish princes, laboriously climb the wide-renowned hills of Old Upsala. On their tops, with an extensive view round the very cradle of the Swedish nation, with a blue-skied heaven above, and Odin, Thor, and Frey "buried" beneath, songs resound and horns circle among the brothers to the honour of the vernacular gods, who still

speak and sing in the "Eddas," and of the "Fathers" who a thousand years ago brought forth rich material and intellectual harvests out of the desolate wildernesses of the North. On our return we are warmed by several dances, the writer himself being engaged in a Swedish waltz by a native-born Englishman from Oxford. Whether Terpsichore laughed or wept, no one can say, but the performers themselves were greatly pleased. A free-and-easy luncheon too, similar to a "sexa," though not on so large a scale, precedes the entrance into the theatre, where other members of the nation are acting a French vaudeville. Intense applause on the part of the public testifies to the ability of the players, and the ladylike graces and loveliness of the "student-actresses" must have caused keen heart-pains to many a Philistine spectator. By the way, I will notice here that most nations have a theatre of their own fairly well appointed, and furnishing the students once or twice a year with scenical entertainments. The piece—the parts for women inclusive—is throughout acted by students only, even when ladies are present among the public. By the more prominent student-artists public dramatic performances are also given at the theatre of Upsala, and even outside the city.

The doors of Thalia finally closed, those to the "sexa" hall are thrown open, and into it we march to the air of a student song mingling with the tones of a band playing in the gallery. A table of vast dimensions down the middle of the room contains the *pièces de résistance*, but other small ones are ranged at intervals along the walls. The latter are covered by milk jugs, beer and porter bottles, tumblers, and such like primitive matters; but the big one is dressed in a festival, gentlemanlike way, bouquets, flowerpots, and trees out of the Linnean botanical garden mixing with silver and porcelain plates on a ground of shining white. To a hungry soul like myself,

however, the contents of the dishes are far more important than the dishes themselves, and truly there was plenty to calm the most ravenous appetite. Polyphemus himself need not have left this table of vast dimensions unsatisfied! Beef, veal, mutton, pork, hare, chickens, partridge; salmon, eel, herring—even "Norwegian herring in paper"—pike, sardines; cheese, butter, bread; potatoes, spinach, radishes; compote, tart, cake, sweetmeats; apples, walnuts, raisins, oranges; chablis, hock, sherry, Bordeaux, muscat, and "Swedish *acqua vita*." A liberal host, indeed! And so watchfully as he cares for us all throughout the supper! The tables never lack anything whatever, but assiduous waiters are busy supplementing the old provisions and bringing forth new ones continually. I hardly disparage the hospitality of Penelope by applying Homer's description to our *restaurateur* :—

"With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers  
bled,  
And the proud steer was on the marble  
spread;  
With fire prepared they deal the morsels  
round,  
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets  
crowned."

Of the whole fabric of drinks and dishes at such a supper as this, the first in honour and moment are the "Swedish" bread and brandy. They form the essential part, and without them the most experienced *chef*, with all the gastronomic wines and meats of Paris, would be unable to bring an Upsala "sexa" into existence. The Swedish brandy, made from potatoes, rye, or barley, is of different sorts, and that commonly used at "the bread-and-butter table," and called "Talu brandy," is, when good, both animating and of excellent taste. It aims at giving an appetite, and does not fail in its aim. At a "sexa" it is the first to be "mouthed in," and "the whole" may be followed by "the half," "the third," and so forth, these expres-

sions signifying successive draughts so taken that the glass is to be filled and emptied entirely the first time, to its half part the second time, to its third part the third time, and so forth. I have seen "the octave" accomplished, but to ascend the ladder so high is a very rare exception, and there is usually some sham in the whole proceeding. Some of Apollo's sons do not even touch the "Swedish wine" at all, though they may fetch the glasses and fill them. The clang of the glasses is accompanied by songs; the leader of the national orchestra giving the tune, and all present joining at least in the refrain. The intervals of these songs are occupied by the harmonies of the band in the gallery. In addition, all through the repast every one is free to chat, laugh, walk about, and so forth, the *sexa* always being a promenade one, and not like a German "*commerz*," where the students are riveted, as it were, to their benches, tables, and *schoppen*.

The Swedish bread—as indispensable for a *sexa* as the brandy—differs materially from bread in England and on the Continent. "*Cosmopolitan*" bread is little used with us, being regarded as more appropriate for babies and very old people than for persons of vigorous health, and to the "*national*" one it will never become a dangerous rival. Fancy the dough baked out in a circular plate of about twelve inches in diameter, and completely flat, with numerous parallel lines on the upper side and a hole in the centre, and you have our Swedish bread before you. Being quite hard, it is easy to break, but you cannot bend it, and in broken pieces it is put into the basket.

"*Help yourself*" is here the rule. No doubt some attention is paid to the professors—knives and forks are put into their hands, for instance; no doubt all present behave as gentlemen; but there is an American liberty of action about the whole which contrasts strikingly with the manners at a London dinner.]

The *sexa* lasted about two hours, and no one needed to quit it hungry, as we returned "*home*" again for the "*zwyck*." The dancing hall in the nation's house, already spoken of, now presents itself in the shape of a beer saloon, of special splendour. In the middle is a long table, and a couple of small ones in the corners; besides these nothing but a pianoforte, and benches along the walls. The other apartments—drawing-room, library and reading-room, &c.—preserve their usual fittings. On the side-tables are soda and seltzer, and on the large one numbers of small glasses and two or three big bowls, with pitchers for filling the bowls when empty. All these vessels are brimming with "*Swedish punch*," which constitutes the only stimulating liquor during the rest of the night. This exclusively national drink assuredly owes its great popularity in my Fatherland to its Swedish origin. Among foreigners its repute, however, is not yet solid, and many will probably still say of it, as did a distinguished American scholar: "*The Swedish punch has a celestial taste, but there is something of the devil about it.*" Even a German, albeit accustomed to exhaust twenty or thirty *schoppen* a night, pays respect to the Swedish punch; it will cause him, he says, "*feeble knees*" and "*Kater*" or "*graues Elend*;" but my countrymen, well knowing the "*devil*" in the punch, take care to elude the charming tempter. Having stepped into the hall we are addressed by the "*curator*" in a toast, inviting us to be welcome and enjoy life, and are then left to ourselves in all the liberties of the *sexa*, including power to smoke. Henceforth speeches, student-songs, and performances on the piano alternate. Later on the large table is moved away, and the wardrobe of the theatre is searched for robes, petticoats, bonnets, shawls, muffs, hats, dress-coats, &c., &c.; for Terpsichore once more deigns to call us, and some of the company prepare to greet her.

Immediately before her appearance I quitted the nation for my room, not one in a "duly licensed lodging," but one of my own choosing, and with no fear of being reported for late hours. Others had done the same already; among them probably all honorary members, the scholar from Oxford without question. Our absence or presence, however, in no way alters the general character of such a meeting as that of which I have sketched the outline. The students, having no reason to avoid the professors, like to meet them, while the latter know pretty well that the students, though they occasionally show themselves as jolly companions, on the whole live a life more laborious, earnest, and moral than the greater part of other youths of their own class and age. Of those who greeted the Muses some saluted Phæbus also, and in his presence gratified themselves with a so-called "night sexa." This meal, when indulged in, is of course a frugal one, consisting merely of "what the house can afford to offer" out of the national pantry. So far for my initiation to *Alma Mater*.

As regards the general student festival when I quitted the university in 1874, my account may be condensed into a few lines. This festivity deals with the celebration of the arrival of spring, and is carried on by the "student corps" at large, in accordance with ancient rules. On the evening of

the 30th of April all the students, led by the standard of the corps and the "national" colours, and marching to the airs of the Singers' Chorus, proceed from the market-place to the Royal Castle, close by the city, in order to hail the coming of spring. A few lingering snow-flakes will occasionally protest against the festival, whilst blazing bonfires and fireworks from the great restaurant outside Upsala, form a poor substitute for the absent sun, in glory of which "the white-capped" sing "How beautiful the May sun shines." Having performed the customary proceedings, they set out for their respective nations, for the purpose of finishing by *sexa* and *zwyck* the work begun. The festivities are continued through May-day, the nations with their colours mutually greeting each other with songs and addresses. On the occasion in question, these merry customs protracted themselves into an extempore May carnival, characterized by scenes and figures of great extravagance—on foot, on horseback, and in coaches.

Closing here my sketch of Upsala University in general, and the student life in particular, I would add but these words:—If there be one feature peculiarly characteristic of an Upsala student, it is his love of singing, in the practice of which he is, perhaps, not unworthy of being a countryman of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson.

K. M. THORDÉN.

## LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

THE beginning of this century witnessed the gradual extinction of a great social power. It has died out, and its place knows it no more.

*La Grande Dame s'en va*, wrote a French author about the year 1830; *le milieu respirable pour elle n'existant plus; elle n'a pas fait école*. He was right; *la Grande Dame* is extinct. And not only in France, but in English society almost simultaneously she disappeared. Whether from the same cause—that the elements necessary to her existence are wanting here also—or whether, according to the inflexible laws of supply and demand, she ceased to exist when the restlessness of modern life no longer required her calm, obstructive influence, I leave to wiser heads to determine. Enough to note the fact that she has departed, and left no successors. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood to imply that our society has not still, notwithstanding the debasing influences of slang and fastness, numerous specimens of the high-bred lady “*of the best class, and better than her class*,” who has ever been the boast of our aristocracy, and remains to bear her own witness to her own days. Those who are now gone, but in my youth were still living and retained in their manners the traditions of the old school, were so numerous and well-known that to name some would be invidious, to omit none impossible, without trenching on the sacredness of private life. Still, there was *one* whom I may be forgiven for naming, because her political existence and *rôle* have marked her place in the history of her times; one who will ever be to me the type of the perfect lady, everywhere recognised, whatever her outward symbols, by that inward grace of good breeding, which in Horace

Walpole's famous words *is good feeling*. Who that ever knew her does not remember the graceful hostess, whose house the most insignificant never left without feeling he had received an individual welcome, while the familiar word or jest distinguished the friend or *habitué*? She who had for all the kind word, the happy phrase, yet whose gentle dignity kept aloof any risk of the forwardness which might have been feared in a society as mixed as that which the interests of the Liberal party obliged her to receive. She who to her latest day reigned over society by her exquisite tact even more than by her position; and gained all hearts by that irresistible charm which sprang from the well of kindness in her own. But the exigencies of the society in which she played so prominent a part had effaced in her the traditions of her youthful days. Between the type she represented and that of the *Grande Dame de l'Ancien Régime* there is a great gulf fixed by national habits and character. Lady Palmerston, under fostering circumstances, might live again; but the *Grande Dame* was an anomaly: she is gone for ever.

To attempt to trace out this dissimilarity and its causes would require an abler pen than mine, a profound knowledge of the social history of the past century in both countries, and, above all, the risk of entering on a subject treated by master minds of the past generation, and in this by De Tocqueville, Prévost Paradol, Henri Taine, and many other celebrated writers. I wish carefully to avoid any national comparisons, and simply try to fix the recollections of my earliest youth, passed entirely in Paris in close intimacy with many of the families representing the greatest names in

French history. Thus I became better acquainted with their domestic life, with the tone of their very restricted intimate circle, than was perhaps the case with any English in the days succeeding the Restoration, when the soreness of recent defeat had just succeeded the privations of the Continental Blocus, and the name of England was with few exceptions odious to all French ears. It happened in our case that amongst the noble *émigrés* returned from England my parents had some personal friends, and a family connection in the Faubourg St. Germain, and thus saw them in their own homes, a favour seldom accorded to strangers. We children continued playmates of our still older friends, the children of the Orleans family, which gave us a foot in both camps—for opposite camps they were. The Duc d'Orleans—tolerated from his position as *premier Prince du sang*, and until the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to the Crown—was looked upon with distrust by the Court and the noble Faubourg as the son of Egalité, the pupil of Madame de Genlis, the Swiss schoolmaster, the American democratic wanderer, the bold advocate of the political offender. The well-known ambition and influence of his sister, Madame Adelaide, added to this unjust distrust, which not even respect for his angelic wife could conquer. A king's daughter, a Bourbon, aunt of the young Duchesse de Berri, who was tenderly attached to her,—such claims as these could not be wholly ignored by the Court and its followers; but the gloomy Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had never forgiven the murder of her parents, naturally kept aloof from the Duc d'Orleans, and only the necessary intercourse took place between the Court and the Palais Royal. The liberal education which Louis Philippe gave his sons, sending them to walk daily, satchel on back, to the Collège de France, to pursue their studies in common with boys of all classes, went counter to all their ideas. The brilliant society of the Palais Royal and

Neuilly, where everything distinguished in arts, literature, and even finance, was entertained with the most princely hospitality, was, by its very contrast, equally distasteful to the gloomy, ascetic Court. The Duchesse d'Orleans, adored by all who approached her, lived but for her husband and her beautiful young family, in whom her somewhat southern piety counteracted the liberal tendencies of their education. She cultivated in them religious feelings. She animated them with enthusiastic loyalty to the throne. I remember hearing that when the guns were firing for the birth of the first child of the Duchesse de Berri, the young Duc de Chartres, then between eight and nine years old, sat intently listening for the eventful twenty-first gun (which indicated the birth of a prince), saying, *Silence! j'écoute si c'est mon roi, ou ma femme*, unconscious of anxiety for the throne which hung on the balance. Such was the state of parties in 1823, when I first recollect the families of whom I shall now speak.

It is very remarkable how little, although only separated by that narrow Channel passed daily by thousands, how imperfectly we know good French society. We have our preconceived notions, our judgments formed on the writings of a certain class of French novelists, who because they write about comtesses and duchesses, we fancy must know them.<sup>1</sup> We in England may safely trust to the novels of the late Lord Lytton, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Whyte Melville, George Elliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Thackeray, Lady G. Fullerton, and a few others, to give a foreigner a sufficiently accurate idea of life on the higher rungs of the ladder to which they mostly belong. But it is not so in the France of modern days, where writers do not belong to the upper classes, or do not write novels. Some memoirs written

<sup>1</sup> See this well stated in "French Novels and French Life," by H. de Lagardie; *Macmillan* for March, 1877.

by themselves, but printed for private circulation only, could alone give an idea of a class to which in our appreciation of their home life and domestic virtues I fear we do but scant justice. I, who have seen them in the bosom of their families, who have received from these, the last of their social type, constant kindness, and cordial reception should indeed feel proud and happy, could my simple but faithful witness serve to dispel one erroneous impression, or conquer one unjust prejudice against those I early learnt to love and respect.

There were other reasons besides the natural distaste for the English to account for so few of them having been admitted into the intimacy of French families. All foreigners, *accueillant* as they are to strangers in society, are far more chary than we are of admitting them into domestic life, partly because, owing to the spoliation of the Revolution, and the new laws of division of property, many of the great families were poor, partly that "hugger mugger" is the only term to express the life of a French family, even many of the greatest, in those days when it was the custom for all the different *ménages* composing it to live under one roof. These ancestral houses, *Hôtels* as they were called, were mostly situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, where some of them are still to be seen spared by the Revolution—although more have perished in the suicidal fires of the Commune. Some streets, as the Rue de Lille, Rue de l'Université, Rue St. Dominique, were entirely composed of these lordly elevations, with their grand old trees towering over the high wall which separated them from the quiet street they overshadowed, to which no shops brought traffic or noise. It was difficult to realise that this was the bustling Paris whose deafening roar and whirl of excitement you had left on the Boulevard but a few minutes before. In this wall the entrance gate, called the Porte Cochère, so gigantic that you wondered how

easily the porter swung it on its circular hinges, admitted carriages; the foot-passengers entering by a small door cut in the large one, as in some of our own old houses. These hotels were immense; none of our largest houses in London, except Burlington House before its alteration, give an idea of them. You drove into a large court, round which the house was built, a peristyle in the centre. The garden front on the ground and first floors was devoted to the heads of families and to reception; the second floor, and the two sides of the court, were divided into innumerable apartments with *entresols*; these although low-pitched, were roomy, and in the clear sky and light air of Paris had none of the stuffy darkness which would be their lot in London. That they are pleasant abodes enough any one who has enjoyed the *entresol* apartment at the Hotel Bristol will testify. In these were lodged the younger branches of the family, the tutor, M. l'Abbé, the secrétaire, and the hangers-on—their name was legion. As the sons and daughters grew up and married, each young couple took an apartment in the caravanserai of one or other paternal abode. There could not be a separate kitchen to each, therefore from mingled motives of economy and a wish to keep a due watch and hold over the young couple, all had their meals in common in the apartment of the head of the house, excepting the morning *café*, which was taken by each person when and where they liked. There is still in some French houses of my acquaintance a sort of buttery, where, between the hours of eight and nine, an unrestricted supply of coffee, milk, and bread in the rough, but excellent in its kind, can be had; served on white marble slabs, cleaner and less expensive than tablecloths. This arrangement saves time, as each servant comes at the hour most convenient.

Between eleven and twelve came the *déjeuner*, which we should call luncheon. Often have I assisted with my young companions at these repasts,

where, with an eye as keen as any at the table, the great-grandmother presided over four generations, beginning with her own already aged sons or daughters, and ending with the baby in its high chair attended by its Normande nurse, in her fly cap, feeding it with broth out of a glass—a very nasty-looking proceeding, by the by. At the top of the table near the lady sat the old friend, who, according to invariable custom, came on a certain day of the week—his other days being similarly filled up at other hospitable houses. Then some relation who had in poverty found an asylum with the head of the house. The *lectrice*, or companion of the old lady, M. l'Abbé, the friend and counsellor of the family; interspersed with them the married sons and daughters; the boys with their tutor; rarely the men of the family, at least the young ones, but all the children. The *déjeuner* was good, but plain; soup, cutlets (without sauce), filets of beef with fried potatoes, omelettes and cheese, of which an immense variety is eaten in France, and fruit. The dinner, at six o'clock, was a repetition of the *déjeuner* minus the baby and its broth, and plus fish, *entrées*, and sweets, as well as the men of the family, who were often out in the morning, receiving in friendly houses the same *sans façon* hospitality they left in their own. Still it would have been difficult and inconvenient to invite strangers to such uncereemonious meals, and there being no schoolroom table (because there were no schoolrooms), it was impossible to break up the heterogeneous assemblage except on great gala occasions. The result was that in those days no, or at least, very few, French families gave dinners.

After the *déjeuner* and a visit to *Bonnemaman*, as the grandmother is prettily called in French, when we were duly presented and given the freedom of the house in torrents of *mon bijou, charmante, délicieuse*, duly distributed to us all with laudable impartiality, and accompanied by

*pastilles de chocolat*, which I appreciated much more, we were dismissed to the garden—not the miserable strip of modern Paris (when it has one), but shade in summer, sunny walks in winter, and space enough in those airy quarters of the town to dispense with going out of its walls for daily exercise. In those days there were few open carriages, fewer still with one horse; and the coachman and pair of fat old horses were kept chiefly for evening, or for the necessary work of the day. The young women drove *au Bois* with their husbands in cabriolets or curricles, which came from England, and were beginning to be a fashion. French women, as a rule, walk less, but live more in the open air than we do. In fine weather they sat almost entirely in their gardens, reading, writing, working, many days never going out of it, except *à la messe* in the morning to some small church close by, which was the almost universal custom of the higher classes. French servants, shopkeepers, in general all women of the lower classes, both town and country, sit outside their doors at their work whenever the weather allows of it. They are to be seen at the door of the palace as of the cottage, or under the *porte cochère* in the shade, carding mattresses, shelling peas, dressing their children, working, or spinning; not a moment will they be indoors that they can help. Sometimes we children were all taken to the Tuilleries by the *bonne* of the family. There, in a sunny corner, sheltered by the terraces overlooking the Place de la Concorde, and named from its warmth *La petite Provence*, we exercised ourselves at the skipping-rope with a proficiency I look back to with admiration, double twirls in one leap being highly applauded by the critical audience of fly-caps—each with a fusty-looking baby in her arms—and wooden-legged Invalides, its usual frequenters, whose appreciation we much coveted. There were also some *gaufres*, a sort of pancake, thin and crisp, made instantaneously in an iron

shovel on a little charcoal stove, which, by permission of the authorities, was allowed in one corner for the delectation of the fly-caps and their charges; also a honey wafer, called *plaisirs*, and fresh milk were to be had here, as in all public promenades at Paris. These were provided for by a few sous put into our tiny pockets with a lump of bread, for the *goutter*, a sort of non-descript meal, of any trash obtainable, which French children have as a stop-gap between *déjeuner* and dinner. Alas! I have since seen my poor *petite Provence* filled with savage Turcos and Zouaves instead of kind old Invalides, and camp-fires replacing the little *gaufre* stove of my childish days.

The old custom of bringing up girls in convents was fast dying out. Many of our young friends were educated at home, or, at all events, only went to a convent the year preceding and following their first communion, a time always with them spent in retirement. If at home, they did not come down when there was company, that their minds should not be distracted from the solemnity of the act. There are, or at least there were, no governesses in these families. If the daughters were brought up at home, they, and indeed the sons also, were so much with their mothers, that no assistance but that of masters and the old *bonne* who had nursed them, was required.

French women are in general devoted mothers, seldom leaving their children, and expending upon them what the poet calls "the strong necessity of loving," to which many of their marriages formerly gave little aliment. Amongst them is many a mute inglorious Sévigné, who lacked not Sévigné's feelings for her daughter, exaggerated as they may seem to us, but only the power of expressing them. Their time is much more their own in the day than with us, because morning visiting does not exist, none but a sister or an intimate is admitted before the evening, which is considered the time for society; they were therefore free to attend to their favourite pursuits

and studies, or to their children's education. They did not formerly, as we do, and they do now, go to the sea-side, travel, pay country visits. The great families had magnificent châteaux, but these had mostly been *saccagé* at the Revolution, and there were no means to refurbish them; some were very far off, and a journey to Touraine or Provence, before the days of railways, was too heavy an expense. They often preferred leaving them unoccupied, and, if rich enough, had villas on the beautiful hills of St. Germain, or Meudon, or even nearer Paris, where within a walk from the Champs Elysées were some charming country houses, with farms and green fields, now covered with streets and shops. In one of these beautiful residences, Le Val, in the Forêt de St. Germain, belonging to the old Princesse de Poix, I passed many never-to-be-forgotten days. The family consisted of the blind grandmother, looking like a Rembrandt stepped out of its frame, and her two sons, the eldest a widower with an only child; she herself a widow after a year's marriage, her young husband buried under the snows of the Russian retreat. Celebrated over Europe for her wit and charm, she refused the most brilliant offers of marriage to devote herself to her father and her only child, a daughter. The second son, one of those rare characters of unostentatious piety, living but for the good he could do in this world of suffering, entirely occupied with social questions on the improvement of the lower classes, to which he devoted his life, the best of sons, of fathers, of husbands. His wife, a Talleyrand, holding by her birth not more than by her kindness and virtues, a position which led even the Great Emperor to press her acceptance of the post of Grande Maitresse to Marie Louise; and caused her to take the same post with the young Duchesse de Berri at the Restoration, which she retained in society as long as she lived. Their mantle descended on the four bright handsome children, with whom

we roamed the beautiful forest. The eldest son took a prominent part in political and utilitarian life in his own province. The second was well-known as a diplomat in England. To name the daughter, Mrs. S. Standish, is but to recall virtues, charms, and talents, celebrated in the literary and social world of her own and her adopted country. A family of perfect affection, of unpretending goodness; whom to know was to love. It is of such as these (and they were not so unique in that society) that we loftily shrug our insular shoulders, and thank Heaven we are not as these foreigners are.

We often pronounce French women frivolous in their pursuits, reading, and lives; this I think an unjust judgment. What I saw of French women in former days has led me to the contrary conclusion; I do not speak of the present generation, but let us see what is the witness of French history as far back as the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*. In that most charming of books, *Mdme. de Sévigné's Letters*, we find that ladies read and understood Descartes' philosophy, the theological disputes of the Jansenists and the Port Royal, Laplace's Astronomy, the writings of Pascal, Latin and even Greek authors, history in its driest forms, algebra, &c. See the list she sends her daughter of the books she provides herself, and *le bien bon*, l'Abbé de Coulanges, for a rainy week *aux Rochers*. It is like the menu of a first-class competitive examination. It includes St. Augustine, Bourdaloue, and Massillon as pious reading; as light reading, *pour nous délasser*, Dante and Tasso in Italian, and Delisle's translation of Virgil; as fiction, *Le Grand Cyrus*, and some works by the *bel esprits* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whom Molière was already flagellating in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but whose influence even *Mdme. de Sévigné's* sound sense had not shaken off.

Absurd as was the use women in

those days made of their learning, the education must have been of a high order which enabled them to hold such dialogues as those satirized by Molière in the *Femmes Savantes*.

*Trissotin*. "Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme."

*Philaminte*. "Pour les abstractions j'aime le platonisme."

*Armande*. "Epicure me plaît, et ses dogmes sont forts."

*Bélise*. "Je m'accommode assez, pour moi, des petits corps ;

Mais le vuide à souffrir me semble difficile, Et je goûte bien mieux la matière subtile."

*Trissotin*. "Descartes, pour l'aimant, donne fort dans mon sens."

*Armande*. "J'aime ses tourbillons."

*Philaminte*. "Moi, ses mondes tombants."

The husband of the *femme savante*, Chrysale, that incarnation of good sense, tells her to—

"Ôter, pour faire bien, du grenier de céans  
Cette longue lunette à faire peur aux gens,  
Ne point aller chercher ce qu'on fait dans la lune,  
Et vous mêler un peu de ce qu'on fait chez vous,  
Où nous voyons aller tout sens-dessus-dessous."

Et l'on sait tout chez moi, hors ce qu'il faut savoir;  
Mes gens à la science aspirent pour vous plaire.  
Et tous ne font rien moins que ce qu'ils ont à faire."

From this, and from the perfect scene in which the bluestocking dismisses her cook, because her language is not that of Vaugelas (the great grammarian of the period), as well as from the plot of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, where the valets personate their masters and talk the pedantic jargon of the period, it is evident that the servants of these *femmes savantes* participated in the studies and pretensions of the house. This epoch of bad taste passed away; but all French memoirs, down to the Revolution of '92, prove that the education of women of the highest rank embraced even abstruse studies. History tells us that the Duchesse du Maine, one of the most beautiful and dissipated women of the Court of Louis Quinze, herself collated, in secret from

the Bibliothèque du Roi, the arguments and legal precedents to establish her husband's right to the regency. In the correspondence of the Comtesse de Sabran, a beautiful young widow in the days of Louis Seize, with the Chevalier de Boufflers, to whom she was engaged, and afterwards married, we find her reproaching him for not writing to her in Latin, telling him that he is so severe a critic she dare not send him her translation of Pythagoras and of the Ode of Claudius on Old Age. She is reading the letters of Abelard and Eloisa in Latin, with such pleasure, that she is translating some of them. She explains to him an effect of light which puzzled him, adding that she had gone through three courses of lectures on chemistry and physics in her life, and retained them. In the journal of her daily life, she says: "I get up at seven, I write and study till eleven, then after *déjeuner* I paint until dinner time at a full-length portrait of La Comtesse Auguste de la Marck"—the Princesse d'Arenberg (her intimate friend), who shared these studies. She is also painting a large historical picture. All this is intermixed with accounts of the *fêtes* she went to, and in the most womanly and tender letters. I saw this lady at an advanced age; she died as late as 1833.

In the last century, the Grande Dame was invariably educated at a convent. It is a mistake to suppose her education was neglected. The nuns, it is true, taught little besides the fairy needlework, in which they excelled, and the reverential, if somewhat narrow and childish, religion of which the reverence at least remained with their pupils through life. No woman, at least in noble society, was outwardly negligent of the observances of the Church, and to speak of them even slightly would have been esteemed the acme of bad taste. True, some women of the great families during the few years preceding the Revolution, led away by the genius of Voltaire and his school, and by the

influence of the times, abjured in great measure their early religious beliefs; but these were exceptions, and in most cases they returned in their old age to the faith instilled into their youthful hearts. Beside this training from the nuns, they received from professors of almost every branch of literature (too often neglected with us) a solid education *des études sérieuses*, continued when they left the convent by M. l'Abbé, their brother's tutor, and far different from the light reading and showy accomplishments of these days. This lasted even beyond their early marriage, which was not considered as emancipating them from study.

The Revolution, with its horrors, or a life of exile and wandering, must have interrupted the studies of the Grande Dame as I knew her in my childish days. I was not of an age to judge of her in that respect, except from what I have since heard from her grandchildren. Those that I recollect up to 1830, when we finally left Paris, a few months before the second revolution, were some of them between seventy and eighty, the survivors of '93. Some had passed through the prisons waiting daily for death, and saved only by Robespierre's fall; others had seen parents and husbands torn from them to the scaffold. Others, mere children at that fearful time, had been rescued by devoted nurses, or with their parents had found timely refuge in England or Germany. One there was, who, when but ten years old, had watched from the window of her home the *fête* for the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette (May 1770), and had witnessed the fearful disaster by which so many perished on that day, almost on the spot where the guillotine was to stand twenty years later. She had episodes of her court life after marriage to relate to us, of her hairbreadth escapes, of her flight to exile. There was the old Princesse de V——x, who passed through the *Terreur* shut up in one room in her Paris home (whence she had refused to emigrate), watched by two *gardes nationaux*, her life only

saved by an unknown protector in the revolutionary tribunal. Many returned when the danger was passed, to resume, though impoverished, their former existence, amid the wreck of families and fortunes which they had refused to retrieve by adherence to the Empire. Others returned only at the Restoration, having lived in the narrow circle of the *émigrés* unaltered in ideas, *n'ayant rien appris, et rien oublié*, and bringing with them the traditions and manners of bygone days. Some would still call Napoleon M. Bonaparte, and would date in 1814 "*20ème année du règne de Louis XVIII.*" It is said that they even altered history. I have been told that a printed history exists which states that S. M. Louis XVIII. gave the command of his armies and the government of his kingdom to M. Bonaparte, not liking after his brother's death to return to France for some years.

There is wonderful vitality in aged French women, particularly of the noble class—not only are they as a rule long-lived, but the vigour of their mind and faculties remains intact to advanced age, and strengthens the tenacity of habits and ideas which was a characteristic of the Grande Dame. She came from exile, after ten or fifteen years passed, perhaps in England, amongst a race different in all things from her own, and with many of whom she was on even affectionate terms. But not one thought, not one prejudice was modified; as a drop of oil cast on a stream will be tossed about, surrounded, pressed upon, but never mingle with the water, she remained in the midst of a world of progress, her own unaltered self.

They were noble old women; I remember still the sort of awe with which I looked on those venerable relics of a past already become history. Differing in character, as all human beings differ, and some of them twenty years younger than the others, there were still amongst them some general features of resemblance, a certain strange assemblage of contrasts. What

struck you first about her (and which still distinguishes French ladies) was her *ton* and language—always strictly grammatical, and pure French, but startling you by its almost brusque *bonhomie*, its utter absence of all affectation or self-consciousness, homely in expression, but never trivial; above all things she eschewed fine words, and stilted phrases. *L'épicière dit mon épouse, le roi dit ma femme*, was the principle on which she spoke; but no vulgarisms, no slang or cant ever sullied her lips; she spoke well, and pithily, not unfrequently with short, sharp sentences, *qui emportaient la pièce*, if she happened to be offended. She spoke with decision, with the authority of one who knows that she is respectfully listened to. Her manner was generally perfect in its ease and adaptation to the person addressed; in its natural unstudied felicity of expression; illustrating the axiom that to conceal art is the acme of art. French women are fond of talking; it is no effort to them; the shyness which in us English so often destroys the grace and power of speaking is, if it exists, so combated in their earliest years that it is unknown to them. With her simple *grandes manières*, perfectly civil and well bred, she knew how to draw the line—elaborately, ceremoniously civil to those whom she did not wish to admit within her circle, or encourage to return; while with her own intimates she gladly relapsed into the familiar snuff-taking, the not over particular talk her soul rejoiced in (for she called a spade a spade if she had occasion to mention it), or topics of conversation perhaps not in general use with us; such she considered it affectation to avoid. But it was all said in such grand simplicity, so evidently without any idea of shocking her hearers—or indeed any idea that it *could* or *ought* to shock them—that you could not feel annoyed. She had mostly mother wit, and those equable spirits and cheerful temperament which alone could have carried her through

the fearful scenes of her childhood, or the poverty and privation of her youth and middle age. The courage which had supported her mother on the scaffold had not deserted her, she had gone through what would have killed women of another stamp. Reverses and dangers found her undaunted, ready as ever to risk life and fortune for her sovereign or her "idea," and rearing her children to the same devoted loyalty.

The second Vendée proved that they were the equals of the Lescures and La Rochejaquelins of the first. To their children these women were tenderly and even passionately attached; but the tone of maternal authority—whatever the age—of decision in all family matters, and of undisputed sovereignty at home, never ceased but with life. A prominent feature in them was the strength and constancy of their friendship, and this has been a trait in French character in all times. Their time, their house, their fortune if required, is devoted to their friends; they will leave all to nurse them in illness, to console them in sorrow. Mme. de Staël, in *L'Influence des Passions*, places friendship in the rank of a passion, and devotes to it one of her most eloquent chapters. These friendships used to be carried on without interruption from the convent days. One of them told me that for sixty years she and her friend had never failed to meet on the same anniversary and spend a month or two together, although dwelling a long distance apart. Proud of birth rather than of rank or social position—which, as she never went out of her house, she only valued for the court it brought her—she loved to recall the *hauts faits* of her ancestors, and the history of her family. But she equally valued that of others; she held that *noblesse oblige*—she might commit many sins, but never a meanness; and would sacrifice any interests to the honour and glorification of her name! Haughty she was undeniably, sometimes cruelly, insolently so; but it was the naïf haughtiness of one who never has had her superiority ques-

tioned, and it was always to her equals, never to her inferiors. She passed for being fond of money, but it was to accumulate for her children—she had no other interests. Life is singularly simplified in these existences, bounded by their own room, absolutely despotic as head of the family, and as completely independent as to fortune, with the power of absolute disposal of it at will. With her inferiors, her dependants, above all, with her personal servants—the *valet de chambre*, a sort of Caleb Balderstone, who often filled the place of five or six of our servants, and her lady's maid, an old woman like herself—she spoke with a familiarity which made my young eyes open wide at its contrast with our English home ways. She said *vous* to her husband if she still had one, but would *tutoyer* her servants. The distance in her own mind was too immeasurable to fear any possible advantage being taken of this freedom. The devoted attachment of these servants through the perils of the Revolution, through exile and privation, justified the system. Ill-paid, ill-fed on the remains of their master's table, snatched behind a screen in the ante-room, harder worked than our servants could conceive possible, lodged anyhow, anywhere, they still preserved the old feudal feeling of clanship and reverential devotion to the family they and their forefathers had served time out of mind.

It must be said that to them the family were affectionately kind, nursed them in illness, took a part in all their concerns, danced at their weddings, were godparents to their children, and showed them that lively interest, that human sympathy, worth far more than the gold they perhaps had not to give, although the old age of these retainers was never left without provision. Many of the great families being poor, the number of their domestics was small, although the dependants and members might be numerous; but the one whose convenience was never neglected, who was honoured with personal intercourse and long conversations with his noble

mistress, was the cook—always a man, for the *cuisinière* only belonged to the *bourgeoisie*.

My Grande Dame was invariably fond of her dinner, rather boasted of being *gourmande*. The Princesse de Poix used to hold as an axiom, *que le signe distinctif d'une femme bien née, c'est de se connaître en cuisine*. French ladies mostly satisfy this requirement. They drink very little wine, generally *de l'eau rouge*, no tea or coffee after dinner, but they are not afraid of a tiny glass of the delicious liqueurs that are served round in such numbers at a French house.

Whatever the variety of character between them, there is one point in which all agree, love of conversation. The Grande Dame's real enjoyment in life was her *salon*. By this term is meant a reception held every evening, where the guests never expect food, or invitation after their first introduction. The *salons* I speak of were, I imagine, rather restricted to their own circle. I was too young at the time to go into society, so it is only from what I heard from my young friends, and from those I have since seen, that I can trace the difference which seems to have existed between the past and the present society. The halo of veneration which surrounded the aged grandmother, the heroine, the victim of catastrophes and misfortunes, of which perhaps history offers no other example, made *her* and her tastes and amusement the one object of the family reception; but they were not so amusing to others, with the exception of the Hôtel Beauvau, and one or two isolated cases. Still they were very agreeable ways of passing the evening, judging from the few which survived the reverses of 1830. The old lady sat enthroned in her comfortable arm-chair, the only one in the room—people did not loll as they do now. A *fauteuil*, that is one of those little stiff-backed articles with straight short arms which we see ranged round the old state rooms in French palaces, was placed near her, to which

came the first guest, yielding the place in turns to each arrival. The other elderly ladies had their work at a table apart, where the visitors came to pay their *devoirs*; and—again apart—the young women and girls of the family, perhaps at a tea-table, a novelty then beginning to come in, although not much understood, for a girl friend said to me one day, “Comment va ta maman?” “Mais bien; pourquoi?” “Ah! c'est qu'elle prenait du thé hier.” They still considered it as a *tisane* and medicinal. Politics were not talked at these houses, for the simple reason that the Grande Dame had none but loyalty. To her there was but one party—Monarchy; but one danger—Democracy. *La Charte* was something Louis XVIII. had kindly given to his people, but was never to interfere with his good pleasure of sending away one set of ministers for another, or passing any laws or enactments. Her code was neither Liberal nor Conservative, but *les Gentil-hommes et la Canaille*. Strange as it may seem to us, such was her world of ideas from 1804 to 1830. There were in Paris at that time, as later, many *salons*, all differing in their society, literary, political, artistic, diplomatic, scientific, even theatrical; some receiving the young and brilliant world, some devoted to the graver questions of the day, some combining on one day in the week all parties, all specialties—except *les ennuyeux*. It would be far beyond my scope to enter into details of them. There is a charming volume called *Les Salons de Paris*, written, I believe, by M. E. de Girardin, which may enlighten English people as to a form of society which does not exist and never can flourish in England.

During the last ten years of the Restoration these *salons* constituted the chief *société* of the *noblesse*. Louis Dix-huit, infirm and selfish, did little towards restoring the brilliancy of former days. Few courtiers survived the emigration. My Grande Dame's husband, if still alive, was a *chambellan*, but probably too old to attend Court,

certainly too old to give life to it. They led a very dull existence. Too poor to give *fêtes* themselves, and avoiding the new nobility, they only went to the Court or Embassies, and occasionally to the Rothschild's and Delmar's, as neutral houses.

The gloom of Charles Dix's Court, after the assassination of the Duc de Berri, closed the door to all but the friends and adherents of the old order of things. The young generation began to horrify their parents by their indifference to such dull amusements and wearisome favours. The young widowed Duchesse de Berri, after a few years of seclusion, attempted to give again some animation to the Tuileries, but she failed, and who can wonder that, unheeding the royal frowns, she collected around her the rebellious youth of the noble Faubourg, and with them sought, in the brilliant circle of the Palais Royal, the pleasures denied them in the stern and solemn Tuileries! With her young cousins—the Duc de Chartres, growing into manhood with the promise he so well kept of being the handsomest and most charming man of his day; with the Duc d'Aumale, and the rest of the gay young *troupe*, they rode, they drove ponies, they read books à l'index,

they went to masked balls; it was said that, worst of all, they learnt English, and that, ignoring Waterloo, some of them actually visited London in the season, bringing back English fashions in horses and carriages, and even the taste for clubs, which before then were mere political *réunions*. The parents wisely felt that the next generation must progress with their times; they had too much sense to attempt to stem the torrent. The grandmother in her *salon*, though shorn of the pomp of her former stately existence, impoverished, but surrounded by her children's love and care, attended as dutifully as ever by the young reformers themselves, glided away her last days, scarcely realising the changes around her. She was growing very old, she had no longer vigour to use her restraining influence, had she retained it. To her darkening sight the cloud which was lowering over the Monarchy bore no threat. Few of them lived to see the Bourbons a third time dethroned, driven to exile or death. Before the Revolution of 1830 most of them died away, and with the accession of the *Régime Bourgeois* ended the *Grande Dame de l'Ancien Régime*.

AUGUSTA L. CADOGAN.

END OF VOLUME XXXVI.

### Contributors to this Volume.

BARNES, REV. W.  
BRASSEY, THOMAS.  
CADOGAN, LADY AUGUSTA L.  
DUFF-GORDON, LADY.  
ELLIOT, HON. HUGH F.  
ESCOTT, T. H. S.  
EVANS, SEBASTIAN.  
FITZMAURICE, LORD EDMOND.  
FLEAY, REV. F. G.  
FREEMAN, EDWARD A.  
FYFE, J. HAMILTON.  
GLADSTONE, RIGHT HON. W. E.  
HOLLAND, T. E.  
HUEFFER, FRANCIS.  
JACOBS, JOSEPH.  
LOFTIE, REV. W. J.  
MACQUOID, MRS.  
MAHAFFY, PROFESSOR.  
MAURICE, C. E.  
MYERS, FREDERIC W. H.  
NISBET, CHARLES.  
OLIPHANT, MRS.  
PEBODY, CHARLES.  
PERRY, WALTER C.  
PHILLIMORE, MISS.  
SCOTT, SIR G. GILBERT.  
SEELEY, PROFESSOR.  
SERVICE, REV. JOHN.  
SMITH, PROFESSOR GOLDWIN.  
STATHAM, H. HEATHCOTE.  
STRACHEY, ST. LOE.  
THORDEN, K. M.  
WALLACE, A. R.  
WAVELL, MAJOR A. H.  
WESTMINSTER, THE DEAN OF.  
WILLIAMS, T. K.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XXXVI., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—216,

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers, One Shilling.

Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

*Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.*

